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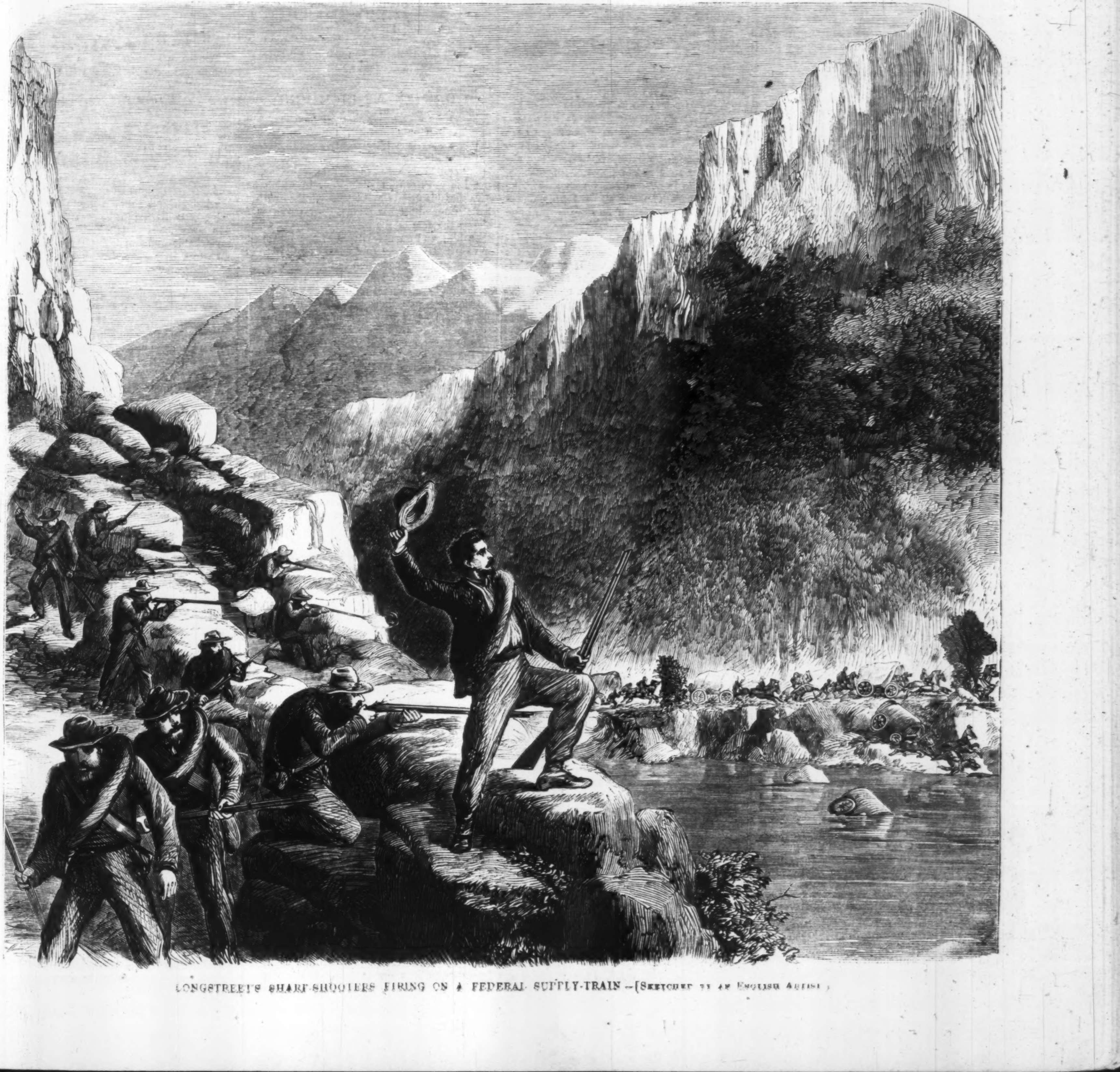
THE REBELS FIRING ON OUR SUPPLY-TRAIN.

On this page we give a graphic sketch of an attack made by rebel sharp-shooters upon our supply-train on the banks of the Tennessee. After the battle of Chickamauga, when our army had retired to its strong-hold at Chattanooga, it was the chief object of the rebels to disturb our communications, and if possible to break up its supply-trains. Of the particular instance given in the sketch the artist was an eye-witness. Upon the crags of Raccoon Mountain, and overlooking the river, were posted a small force of picked men of Longstreet's corps, armed with Whitworth rifles. The position was twelve miles in the rear of our works at Chattanooga, and was unguarded. Captain Goree had charge of the attacking party. The only way of reaching the position chosen for attack, and avoiding our scouts, was by taking the Indian trails through the forest heights. No sooner had the position been gained than the rumbling of the approaching train was heard along the river-bank. Thus when the train came up the gorge, preceded by a small infantry escort, and had fairly filled the open space of the road in front of the rebel sharp-shooters, it was entirely at the mercy of the latter. Then the word was given to fire, and a score of deafening reports leaped from crag to crag; and close upon the fire followed the confusion of a stampede. The teams in front were crippled by dead mules; and those behind, thus blocked in and unable to move forward, were equally cut off from retreat by the inextricably confused wagons in the rear. The escort, after firing a few shots, fled panic-stricken, leaving the train in the hands of the enemy.

THE SIEGE OF CHARLESTON.

On page 28 we give an illustration representing the effect produced by one of Gilmore's shells bursting in the streets of Charleston. When Gilmore first began to shell the city it had more noncombatants in it than it has now; it was not believed that the city was within range until the actual reality brought conviction. The illustration is designed to represent the first occasion upon which the city was shelled, and depicts the overwhelming surprise of the citizens. The shelling commenced at midnight, but did little harm beyond terrifying the ladies left in the city. Only a single house was set on fire. In the particular scene presented by the artist a fireman is running through the streets giving the alarm, and a watchman, thoroughly overcome, is taking leave of his senses and his staff in the fore-ground. The gun burst after a few discharges. The distance was over four miles. At latest dates General Gilmore had recommenced shelling the city, having destroyed twelve buildings, killed one man, and seriously wounded some eight or ten persons. We give also on the same page an illustration representing the interior of Fort Sumter after a continuous bombardment by the batteries on Morris Island. The bombardment was from 200-pound Parrott guns, and every gun of the fort was dismounted, leaving the garrison to be passive spectators of the gradual demolition of the walls. Nearly the whole parapet of the fort was swept away. The gorge-face presents one mass of ruins, and the casemates scarcely afford shelter to the garrison. Beauregard, it is said, is determined to hold the fort till the last; by the bayonet, if need be.



LONGSTREET'S SHARP-SHOOTERS FIRING ON A FEDERAL SUPPLY-TRAIN.—[Sketched by an English Artist.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 9, 1864.

THE NEW YEAR.

WE have the right to wish our friends a HAPPY NEW YEAR, for a year never opened more full of promise for the country and the cause, dear to all faithful hearts. No man who truly comprehended the magnitude of our war, or who has thoughtfully studied its development, could have expected that we should stand at this time with so firm a hold upon the future as we have. Forced to learn to fight while we were fighting, we have patiently learned our lesson, amidst the doubts of friends and sneers of foes, until at last the fidelity, tenacity, and courage of the people begin to tell against their enemies, and the great experiment of free popular government, victorious in domestic as it has always been in foreign war, was never surer of its triumphant vindication than on New-year's Day eighteen hundred and sixty-four.

This confession is extorted from the bitter lips of our steadiest enemies at home and abroad. Directly, by its words, the British aristocratic jealousy of a republic concedes that, without foreign intervention, we shall prevail in the contest; and, indirectly, by their acts the rebels allow the desperation of their cause. The late law of the rebel Congress compelling every private soldier, non-commissioned officer, and musician to serve for the war, regardless of the conditions of enlistment; the law forcing those who have supplied substitutes to take place in the ranks by their side, the demand that the rebel currency shall be reduced by force, the terrible revelations of Memminger's report, with the wild rancor of abuse in the message of that "accomplished statesman," Jefferson Davis, and the resolutions offered by Foote in the rebel Congress—all these are signs that the greater resources and unquailing energy of the American people directed in the interest of humanity, civilization, and law, against a colossal conspiracy of crime and anarchy, begin already to be successful.

Surely the year may be hailed as happy that opens upon such a prospect—happy though a thousand hearts ache, and America, like Rachel, weeps for her children, who shall return no more. But dead, they yet speak, and shall speak forever. Unseen they hold as fast in love and honor to the holy cause for which they fell. The young, the brave, the true, who by night and day, through summer and winter, on land and sea, have died that we may live, have consecrated us all to their own heroic fidelity. The land mourns—it is full of graves; but what the President so simply and solemnly said of Gettysburg is true also of the country: "The world will not note nor long remember what we say here, but will never forget what they did here."

The year that begins brings us nearer to the end of great military operations, and to the settlement of the war. Standing upon its threshold, with hearts saddened for those who are gone, and hopeful for those who are to come, let us take care through this year and through all years, to stand as fast for the victory our brothers in the field have won as they stood firm in winning it.

MR. PHILLIPS'S SPEECH.

THE late speech of Mr. Wendell Phillips has naturally provoked a great deal of censure. His sharp and direct criticisms upon men and measures can not fail to exasperate the friends of both, and his sarcasms, while they sparkle, sting. We do not agree with Mr. Phillips in his estimate of the President, of Mr. Seward, or of Mr. Chase; and we certainly do not acknowledge the justice of a criticism of the public action of public men which takes no account of circumstances. Statesmanship is no more the doing, or the attempt to do, what the statesman may individually think to be abstractly right, without regard to the conditions that surround him, than seamanship is laying a course and persisting in it, spite of the wind. In fact, the wind will control the ship, and public opinion the statesman.

Probably no man in the country would more heartily assent to this than Mr. Phillips; and the apparent injustice of his criticism of public men arises from the fact that he always regards the man instead of the officer. If the attainment of the end desired depended solely upon the will of the man, the work would always be easy enough. But when the cardinal condition of success is the consent of other men, the work is plainly difficult and gradual. If Mr. Phillips made the point clearer, not that the President ought to do this or that, but that the people ought to wish him to do it, and insist upon his doing it, he would be juster to what we suppose to be his real view.

For it should be borne in mind always, that there is but one key to all the discourses of this eloquent orator. A true Democrat, with the fullest faith in the people, even in "the pavement," as he expresses it, his constant purpose is to stimulate, enlighten, and elevate public opinion, in order that its servants, the magistrates, may obey it. Mr. Lincoln, he says, is a good man; he will do what the people wish; therefore the people must be made to wish the best thing. That is certainly fair enough. But when he adds that the President is a growing man, because we, the people, constantly water him, then, as it seems to us, the orator misapprehends the case. It is not the convictions of Mr. Lincoln, but the executive action of the President, that we water. A few years since Mr. Phillips called Mr. Lincoln the slave-hound of Illinois, and yet, three years before, this slave-hound had made the plainest statement of the vital and radical conflict between slavery and liberty in this country. Mr. Lincoln has learned upon that point nothing new. His convictions about slavery are substantially now what they have always been. So his view of his military power over it was exactly the same when he nullified the orders of Generals Frémont and Hunter that it was when he issued the final order of January 1, 1863. But his convictions as a man, and his power as a magistrate to fulfill them, are entirely different. He had no doubt, as appears from his letters to Generals Frémont and Hunter, that he had the right to emancipate slaves as a military measure, and he certainly had no doubt that slavery was the root of the rebellion. But he did not, for that reason, think it wise to begin the war by emancipation. For he was acting not upon his own convictions as to slavery and its relation to the war, but upon his conviction of what was wisest to be done under all the circumstances. Had he acted otherwise he might have been a very good man, but he would certainly have been a very poor officer.

It is not, therefore, the President who is growing, but the popular conviction upon the subject of slavery. And we certainly know no man who has more faithfully and copiously watered that than Mr. Phillips. His work in arousing the public mind to the real issue of our times is already as historic as that of James Otis at an earlier day. Like him he has been, of course, hated and defamed by the interest he attacks, and also, like him, has often outrun the sympathy and tried the patience of many friends of the cause he serves. But in censuring him his critics should understand exactly his position. It is that of a man who will not be content with any thing done so long as any thing remains to do; who believes that selfishness is always alert, and that the only way for men and nations not to go backward is to go forward. But to go forward they must be incessantly urged, and the urging must often be sharp and stern. While, therefore, he is glad of every step gained, he leaves to others the part of sitting down and congratulation. For himself he steps forward and asks, What next?

Now this is the spirit which saves society. It is not genial, however sweet and friendly the man inspired by it may be. It must be always in the minority; for the moment the path is accepted and popular the pioneer is already far out of sight, demolishing new impediments. It seems often rough and unfeeling; for sleepers can not be always or wisely roused by gentle taps and soothing tones. The office of this spirit, of which the career of Mr. Phillips is our most complete illustration, is to discover in good things how they may be made better; how men may become more manly, and America more American. The President, for instance, can supply reasons enough for what he has done. Mr. Phillips would supply public opinion with reasons for asking him to do more. These reasons may be good or bad; but a man whose purity of life and nobility of character, no less than his genius consecrated to human progress, class him among the truest Americans, is not to be disposed of as a scold or a professional caviler. For it is precisely such men as he who have kept the sacred fire of liberty burning in this country, while other men sneered and slept.

FIRST IN THE FIELD.

AT length General M'Clellan is first in the field. More unfortunate in his friends than in his enemies, he has been formally nominated for the Presidency by a knot of gentlemen in Philadelphia, of whom—to make an intelligible bull—the only one who is publicly known has been long ago forgotten. For the Hon. Amos Kendall is only remembered with scornful pity as the Postmaster-General of the United States, who tampered with the mails at the bidding of the master of the men who are now rebels. That he should preside at a meeting to nominate or to ratify the nomination of a candidate for the Presidency who, since his letter to Judge Woodward, must be considered a Copperhead of the clearest type, shows that he is of the same mind still, and that his age worships the dreary old idol of his youth.

Alas! when we think of two years ago, when, amidst universal acclamation, General M'Clellan was called to the head of our armies, with the hope and faith of a nation lavished upon him in advance, with thousands and thousands of our best and bravest soldiers committed joyfully to his charge, with the President, his only superior officer, resolved to give him every chance, with the national determination that he was a great soldier because a great soldier was a national necessity—when we think of all that fond and persistent blindness in which we shared, and of all that has followed since down to the letter urging the election of Judge Woodward—it is hard not to hang the head with sorrow for the soldier and shame for the nation. But when from that letter we descend, although logically, to this nomination, the tragedy becomes farce, and it is impossible not to explode with laughter.

For granting that he is a very great man, is this the body of politicians who have ever shown any true perception of the public sentiment? Did this knot of gentlemen, by whatever name they choose to call themselves, ever do more than make themselves politically ridiculous? When they nominated Mr. Fillmore in 1856, and Mr. Bell in 1860, they intended to help the slaveholders as they do now. They were in the political market, but they never pretended, as now, to lay hands upon the prize beef and spoil it by handling. They offered their flabby little veal chops, and knew that the great beef dealers would buy them up. But this time they put their label upon the prime sirloin, upon the baron itself. Do they seriously expect the Copperhead Convention to take a candidate from them?

General M'Clellan will perhaps thank Mr. Amos Kendall and his friends for this expression of their good-will, but will await a more emphatic indication of the public desire. Or he may delay, and give time for that outburst of popular enthusiasm which we have been constantly assured was to follow the presentation of his name to the country. Or, again, he may accept the nomination upon the platform of his Woodward letter. Or he may let the whole matter go by default. But it is useless to consider what he may do with this nomination, when we remember, as every man will, that all the friends of Vallandigham, all the apologists of the rebellion, all the Copperheads in the country will ratify it. And can any man, or any course, which the Copperheads approve save the honor of the nation, the integrity of the Union, and republican government? You may be a loyal citizen, and may think that justice has not been done to General M'Clellan; but you can not evade that searching question, and you can give it but one answer.

OUR MEN AT RICHMOND.

THAT the rebels give the best food they can to our prisoners in their hands may be true, but the best food is neither plenty enough nor of the right kind to support life. We know of a letter of late date from General Neal Dow, at the Libey Prison in Richmond, in which he says that his fare is a little flour mixed with a little water—in other words, flour paste. Of course the fate of the private soldiers is worse than his; and an eye-witness of the return of our starved prisoners to Annapolis describes to us their suffering condition as incredible.

This, then, is the way in which the rebels make good their threat of the black flag. They do not massacre their prisoners outright, but drag them away to starve in loathsome dungeons. For, as we have before said, it is no excuse that there is no better fare to give them. If the rebels can not treat prisoners honorably they have no right to take them. If, taking them, they persist in such inhuman conduct, it is manifestly the duty of the Government to set aside prisoners for retaliation—not in kind, of course, but by punishment. When it shall be clearly proved that our captive soldiers have been put to death by torture, by starvation and exposure. the retribution upon rebel captives should be swift and sure. Terrible as it is to retaliate, when the safety of our own men can be secured in no other way, it is one of the most imperative necessities of a state of war.

Do not let us become callous to the tales of horror which come wailing up from Richmond merely because they are incessant. Let the hapless prisoners who are there, and the soldiers in the field who have that possible fate before them, understand that the people hear their sighs and comprehend their fears, and will insist that in this matter the rebels shall be held to the sternest account.

SOLDIER'S PAY.

Now that, in obedience to the demands of national common-sense, colored men are enrolled as soldiers, every citizen ought to insist that they shall have exactly the same treatment, chance, and pay as other soldiers. Hitherto they have been paid, under a general law regulating the labor of contrabands, ten dollars a month. This sum was offered to the freemen of the Massachusetts Fifty-fourth, the first colored regiment raised in the Free States, and they declined it. The State of Massachusetts then resolved to pay the soldiers the difference, and Major Sturgis was sent with the money to Morris Island. But they declined that. Was this unreasonable upon their part? Let us see.

These men, free citizens of the United States, were enlisted in Massachusetts under the express written guarantee of the Secretary of War to the Governor of Massachusetts that they were to stand exactly upon the same footing with all other soldiers. Every body who knows the feelings of the Secretary of War in this matter knows that such was his wish. With that solemn assurance the men were mustered in, and have proved themselves as heroic and docile and patient as soldiers can be. And they simply decline any thing less than bare justice. They do not mutiny. They make no trouble whatever. They say simply that the United States Government pledged its honor, and they will wait the fulfillment of the pledge.

Is this unreasonable? Would any white regiment do otherwise? And have we a right to require of men, whom we are so ready to call less than men, more than our own average manhood?

The remedy is immediate and thorough. Instead of wasting time in abusing men who merely claim what we all confess that we owe, let us urge upon Congress the passage of a law to pay these soldiers of the Union army exactly what other soldiers are paid. For if we reproach those who ask the same wages that others get for the same service, what shall we say of ourselves who hesitate for a moment in agreeing to the demand? The Secretary of War has recommended the passage of the necessary law. Is it unreasonable in the soldiers concerned quietly to await its passage?

A NOBLE PUBLIC INTEREST.

THERE has been another illustration of the generous manly art of self-defense. The London papers give copious details. The news is transmitted across the sea as an affair of public interest. The story has large headings in our own papers. But what is it? Simply that one man has tried to squeeze the breath out of another and failed, while the other pommeled the squeezer to a jelly. There are several columns of the story. There are editorials in the *Times*, in the *Saturday Review*, in almost all of the great papers. It is very fine, it is very noble, it is very manly, and full of the heroic art of self-defense; but there was a much more remarkable occurrence in London a few weeks ago, which has most lamentably failed of that universal popular interest which waits upon the reduction of a big man to a jelly.

A man in London called a cab at a railway station just after dark. He and his wife and two children stepped in and the driver drove as directed. On the way the cabman is told to stop at a public house for some porter. It is drunk by the passengers and the pot handed out. By-and-by the gentleman calls to the driver to let him out, but to drop the lady and children at a certain point. The gentleman moves off; the cab drives away, and when it reaches the point and cabby alights and opens the door he sees the woman and children dead; murdered in a cab quietly driving in the evening through London streets. Here is a matter infinitely more remarkable and important than the beating a man to a jelly; but alas! it has had no large headings, and doubtless many a reader now knows it for the first time.

If two men should train themselves to lift heavy weights, and then strike each other with sledge-hammers, it would be much the same thing as hardening their muscle to iron and then fighting with their fists. But why is it manly? Why is it any thing but a melancholy dehumanizing of men? Why should any body feel a livelier or more elevated interest in it than in the butting and goring of prize bulls? Of course we do not deny that there is the profoundest interest. But why is that particular form of brutality, and utter want of every distinctive manly trait, so fascinating that it must be elaborately reported, and telegraphed, and commented upon? The persons who congregate to see the show are bullies, blacklegs, sharpers, the dregs of human society. Their haunts are the dens of ignorance, bestiality, and infamy. The encounter is an outrage upon the law and common decency. Why, then, should respectable papers do more than chronicle the fact, as they do all other events painful or pleasing, elevating or disgusting? Would there be the public interest which they plead in justification if they did not pander to it?

A MYSTERY.

THE rebels resolved some time since that all our colored troops taken in war should be handed over to the State authorities and their officers hung. Since then we have heard of the hanging of such officers and men in Arkansas, and we know of the probable capture of others. How true is the Arkansas story, and what is the fate of such prisoners? The President promptly and righteously declared that he should retaliate for any ill-usage they might receive. But is care taken to ascertain their precise condition? We have already a colored army. The examinations for commissions in it are properly careful and strict. The officers are men of character and conviction, as well as of military skill and personal courage. They are among the best and noblest in the land, and they face peculiar perils. Does the Government know at this moment how many such officers, with their men, are prisoners, and what their treatment is? If not, is it not especially bound to ascertain? When it invites young men to peculiar peril, does it mean to surround them with less than ordinary care?

We ask the questions not supposing that there is neglect, but because of the singular mystery which overhangs the whole subject. Of every officer, for instance, who fell or was captured at the assault upon Fort Wagner we have accounts, except of

Captain Cabot Russell of the colored regiment. Had he fallen, the space was so small and the struggle so brief that the death of an officer of his rank would have been surely known and reported. But to General Gilmore's request to know if he were taken Beauregard returned answer that there was no such prisoner.

If the resolution of the rebels has been carried into effect, and any of these men have been sold into slavery or put to death, the duty of the Government is plain enough. But can it do nothing to solve the terrible doubt?

MY LORD HARTINGTON AGAIN.

IT will be remembered that a young English gentleman, known as Lord Hartington, was in this country last winter, and signalized his visit by insulting all faithful American citizens by wearing a rebel badge in the drawing-rooms of Mr. August Belmont, for which he was not reproved by his host, but was called to account by a young Union officer. The fact is not a private one, for it was the subject of universal public comment at the time.

This promising sprig of the British aristocracy does not seem to have learned from experience the danger of meddling with edged tools. He has lately been making a speech abusing this country, and especially New England. He also referred to Mr. Cobden's late speech at Rochdale. Upon which his lordship received the following letter:

MIDHURST, 9th Dec., 1863.

MY LORD,—You will, perhaps, be good enough to take an early opportunity of correcting, publicly, your recent—I had almost said reckless—perversion of the remarks which fell from me on American affairs at Rochdale.

While with my pen in hand, permit me to add, that, with better opportunities than your lordship of studying the system of popular education and the state of society in the New England States, I did not recognize much greater accuracy in what you stated to the Haslingden meeting on those subjects than in what you said of myself. I have the honor to be, etc. R. COBDEN.

The MARQUIS OF HARTINGTON, M.P.

There is a punishment known in infant schools as sitting down hard. Perhaps the Marquis of Hartington knows something about it.

WESTERN STUDENTS.

THE University of Michigan, the leading college of the West, has some eight hundred students. Thirty-five of them—the fair general proportion of Copperheads to true men in the free States—lately went to see Vallandigham, and were regaled with rebel sympathy. They put their performance in the papers. It echoed through the country. The young men, then, are traitors, and accept Vallandigham as a leader, and abuse of their country and Government as their doctrine? So many a man wondered, but the students of the University have answered the question for themselves. They held a meeting and passed this resolution, with others of the truest tone:

Resolved, That we feel deeply concerned and justly indignant that the University of Michigan, whose unflinching support of the Union has been so proudly attested by its long "army list" and the untimely sacrifice of many its noblest and most promising sons, should be brought under the unmerited censure of the press of other States by the ill-concerted holiday freak of thirty-five adventurers, seeking notoriety through such disloyal demonstrations; and who represent neither the honor, intelligence, nor patriotism of the eight hundred men who constitute its membership.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

SENATE.—*December* 22. Petitions presented for exemption of clergymen from draft. Mr. Sumner gave notice of bill for codifying the statutes, and submitted resolution requesting the Postmaster-General to report whether legislation is necessary for new railroad line between Washington and New York.—Select Committee on Pacific Railroad appointed.—Mr. Wilson introduced bill prohibiting Members of Congress from acting as counsel where the United States are concerned.—Mr. Howe submitted resolution granting to Wisconsin five per cent. of the amount of sales of public lands in that State.—The Enrollment bill then came up: various amendments proposed by the Committee were adopted; that exempting clergymen from draft was rejected by a vote of 33 to 8. Mr. Hendricks proposed amendment that the national forces be divided into two classes, the first to include unmarried persons between the ages of twenty and forty-five; the second class, to include all others, not to be called into service until the first class had been called: lost.—The joint resolution from the House appropriating $20,000,000 for bounties, advance pay, etc., of enlisted men, was taken up. On motion of Mr. Fessenden a proviso was adopted that no part of this be paid to men enlisted after the 5th of January, and that after that date no bounty be paid except such as is now provided by law the proviso adopted by 25 to 9; the resolution then passed unanimously.—Joint resolution from the Houses offering thanks to Captain John Rodgers, of the *Weehawken*, was passed.—Mr. Trumbull offered resolution directing the Secretary of War to furnish the Senate with information as to the number of generals now without commands equal to a brigade, etc., and whether it is necessary that officers of this rank be employed in subordinate posts.——*December* 23. Various petitions presented and referred.—Mr. Wilson introduced bill for uniform system of ambulances in the army.—Mr. Wade introduced bill prohibiting, under penalty of fine, imprisonment, and disqualification for office, any member of Congress from acting as counsel or agent in any case, before any tribunal, in which the United States is directly or indirectly a party, or from receiving any compensation for services, in any such case, before any department, bureau, office, or Naval or Military Commission: referred to Committee on the Judiciary.—Mr. Sumner introduced his Codification bill.—Mr. Wilson offered resolution directing the Secretary of War to inform the Senate whether persons held to service or labor in Delaware, Maryland, West Virginia, Kentucky, and Missouri have been enrolled in the army, according to the law of March 3, 1863; and if not, why such enrollment has not been made: adopted.—Mr. Trumbull's resolution of inquiry as to generals without a command equal to a brigade, etc., was taken up and adopted.—After going into executive session the Senate adjourned till January 5.

HOUSE.—*December* 22. After minor business bill appropriating $700,000 for payment of men called out for home defense in the Missouri Department was passed.—The bill making appropriation for the Military Academy was passed.—Mr. Johnson offered resolution that as the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania had decided the conscription to be unconstitutional, it is the duty of the Executive either to acquiesce or to bring the question before the Supreme Court of the United States: laid on the table by 80 to 43.—The Senate amendments to the $20,000,000 bounty bill were concurred with: bill passed.——*December* 23. Select Committee on National Bankrupt Law appointed, Mr. Spaulding Chairman.—The Secretary of War sent in General M'Clellan's report of his operations while General-in-Chief and commander of the Army of the Potomac.—Mr. Fenton, from Committee on Military Affairs, reported bill to facilitate the payment of bounties and arrears due to deceased soldiers.—Mr. Schenck, from the same committee, reported bill to create a Bureau of Military Justice; and also bill repealing part of the Enrollment bill, designed to unite the two classes of enrolled men; debate ensued, in the course of which Mr. Ancona offered a preamble and resolution declaring the Enrollment act unjust and unconstitutional, because it takes from the States the control of their own militia, and instructing the committee to bring in a bill for the repeal of the act, and the substitution of some constitutional and just bill for immediately filling up our armies; Mr. Schenck said that the committee would not report a repealing bill, but were considering amendments to make it more effective.—Mr. Myers introduced a bill reducing the excise tax on coal oil, repealing the clause which permits its exportation free of duty, and classifying coal oil distilled: referred.—Mr. Morehead introduced resolution requiring inquiry into the improvement of the navigation of the Ohio River.—The House adjourned to January 5.

VIRGINIA.

No important movements by either of the Armies of the Potomac are reported. General Meade has issued an order granting a furlough of 35 days to soldiers who have re-enlisted, and also directing that when three-fourths of a company or regiment re-enlists that portion may go home in a body, taking its arms and equipments. Appearances indicate that the two armies will remain in winter-quarters near their old positions—ours upon the north side of the Rappahannock and Rapidan, the enemy upon the south.

AVERILL'S EXPEDITION.

A brilliant cavalry expedition, planned by General Kelley, who commands in Western Virginia, has been executed, the object of which was to cut the Virginia and Tennessee Railroad, the chief line of communication between the Confederate armies in Virginia and Tennessee. Several feigned movements were made, with the object of misleading the enemy, all of which were successfully executed. The command of the real expedition was given to General Averill. On the 8th of December he started from New Creek, near the Maryland border, with four mounted regiments and a battery, marching almost due south, which brought him almost directly between the Confederate armies in Virginia and Tennessee. On the 16th he struck the line of the railroad at Salem, and begun the work of destruction. The telegraphic wire was cut, three dépôts with a large amount of stores destroyed, and the track torn up, bridges and culverts destroyed for a space of 15 miles; this was the work of a few hours. The enemy in the mean time had learned of his position and operations, and sent out six separate commands, under their ablest generals, to intercept him on his return. They took possession of every road through the mountains which was thought passable. One road, which crossed the tops of the Alleghanies, and was thought impracticable, remained. By this Averill made his escape, carrying off all his material with the exception of four caissons, which were burned in order to increase the teams of the pieces. His entire loss in this raid was 6 men drowned in crossing a river, 4 wounded, and about 90 missing. He captured about 200 prisoners, but released all but 84, on account of their inability to walk. In his report General Averill says, "My march was retarded occasionally by the tempest in the icy mountains and the icy roads. I was obliged to swim my command and drag my artillery with ropes across Crog's Creek seven times in twenty-four hours.....My horses have subsisted entirely upon a very poor country, and the officers and men have suffered cold, hunger, and fatigue with remarkable fortitude. My command has marched, climbed, slid, and swam 355 miles in 14 days."—General Kelley says of this expedition that it is "one of the most hazardous, important, and successful raids since the commencement of the war." Its importance is not to be measured by the loss actually sustained in accomplishing it, but by the fact that it has severed the direct communication between the armies of Lee and Longstreet.

TENNESSEE.

Nothing of definite importance is reported from the armies in Tennessee. General Joseph E. Johnston has been appointed to the command of the rebel army formerly commanded by Bragg, and temporarily by Hardee, which is reported to be in the neighborhood of Dalton, Georgia. Longstreet, in his retreat, was come up with on the 14th of December by a portion of our troops in pursuit at Bean's Station, he turned, and after a sharp fight, as reported through Southern sources, our troops fell back. The Confederate report says: "After a stubborn resistance the enemy retreated toward Knoxville; we captured seventy wagon-loads of stores and some prisoners. Our loss in killed and wounded was 800; 275 prisoners have come in." The Union loss in this affair is not given.

CHARLESTON.

The report of disaster to the *Ironsides* and "Monitors" proves to be without foundation. The siege of Charleston continues to be carried on. A fire took place in Fort Sumter, in which ten or a dozen lives were lost. Sharp firing is exchanged between the batteries; and General Gilmore at intervals sends shells into Charleston, inflicting considerable damage. The latest accounts, coming down to December 27, are from Southern sources. On the 25th and 26th 130 shells were thrown into the city. On the 25th a fire broke out, whether caused by our shells is not stated, destroying ten or twelve buildings, and killing and injuring several persons. The firing was from three guns at Fort Gregg, one at Cumming's Point, and one from a mortar battery. There was an engagement on the 25th between our gun-boats and the Confederate batteries on Johnson's Island. The Southern accounts represent it to have been a drawn battle; they lost, they say, one killed and five wounded. On the night of the 26th four shells were thrown into the city. General Gilmore is erecting new batteries on Cumming's Point, which the enemy are trying to prevent by a heavy fire from their batteries.

ARKANSAS.

A strong Union feeling is being developed in Arkansas. Seven thousand persons have taken the oath of allegiance. The reports of the abandonment of the rebel cause by the Indians in Arkansas are fully confirmed by dispatches from Fort Smith, stating that the Choctaw chieftain, M'Curtain, with other rebel leaders, came into our lines and surrendered themselves to General M'Neil. They have abandoned the rebel allegiance, and profess a desire to avail themselves of the President's Amnesty Proclamation. The question of modifying the Amnesty Proclamation, so as to embrace the case of these Indians, is now being mooted in Washington.

THE "ALABAMA."

The *Alabama* has turned up in the Eastern seas. In October she left the Cape of Good Hope, and at the close of the month made her appearance at the port of Madras, but did not enter. At latest intelligence, date not given, but apparently early in November, she had captured and burned two American merchantmen off the Island of Java. One was the *Amanda*, bound from Manilla to Cork, the other the *Winged Racer*, bound from Manilla to New York.

EXCHANGE OF PRISONERS.

It was supposed that arrangements had been made to secure an exchange of prisoners, man for man. General Butler, to whom the matter has been committed, sent 500 Southern prisoners, and an equal number of ours were sent back. The rebel Government then refused any further exchange, unless all the questions are given up about which our Government has been contending, and their laws in regard to officers and soldiers in negro regiments are recognized. They also refused to receive a flag of truce from General Butler, or to negotiate with him on the subject of exchange, because of Jeff Davis's proclamation outlawing General Butler last year. They have also refused to receive any further supplies for our suffering prisoners.

PASSPORTS FROM NEW YORK.

An order has been issued by Government prohibiting any vessels from putting to sea from the port of New York until they, their crews, and passengers, have been examined by the authorities; all suspicious persons will be arrested, and the transmission of arms and munitions of war will be prevented. It is said that the existence of a considerable trade with the enemy in these articles has been discovered, and several arrests of prominent merchants on this account have been made. The general plan has been to send revolvers, percussion caps, and similar articles, in barrels purporting to contain provisions, apparently to California. Arriving at Panama, the goods are taken off, by orders from the shippers, and sent through Mexico to the Confederate States.

SOUTHERN ITEMS.

The Confederate Congress has passed a new Military bill, which enacts that "All musicians, privates, and non-commissioned officers now in the armies of the Confederate States, by virtue of volunteering, enlistment, or conscription into the military service of the Confederate States, be, and the same are hereby retained in the said service for and during the existing war with the United States, and no longer."——A bill has been passed imposing a tax of ten per cent. upon all the crop of sweet-potatoes in the entire South.——A resolution has been adopted confiscating the notes of all the banks in the Confederate States held by alien enemies; the same principle is to be applied to all cotton and other paper negotiable by delivery.

The Richmond papers contain statistics from which they argue that the State of Virginia within the Confederate lines contains provisions sufficient to support the whole army of the South, besides the population of the State.

Governor Clarke, of Mississippi, has issued a proclamation notifying all aliens between 18 and 45 to enlist or leave the State before the 1st of March. Those below or above the military age are liable to do militia duty the same as citizens.

Wilmington, North Carolina, has for some time been the only Confederate port with any considerable trade; this port, as is shown by dispatches in captured vessels, may now be considered effectively blockaded. According to the *Journal*, published in that city, the whole amount of cotton shipped thence during the year is less than 50,000 bales, less than this has been shipped by blockade-runners from all other ports east of the Mississippi; the whole sent abroad by all means is put down at less than 150,000 bales, against more that 4,000,000 exported the year before the rebellion.

General Forrest, commanding at Atlanta, has issued an order threatening arrest and confiscation of property against all who refuse to take Confederate money.

The Legislature of Texas has refused to pass a resolution requesting Congress to declare Confederate Treasury notes a legal tender.

The Richmond *Inquirer* says that in case colored soldiers are "sent to the field and put in battle *none will be taken prisoners*—our troops understand what to do in such cases. If any negroes have been captured during the war as soldiers in the enemy's ranks we have not heard of them. We do not think such a case has been reported."

FOREIGN NEWS.

GREAT BRITAIN.

A PRIZE fight between Heenan, an American, and King, an Englishman, which came off on the 8th of December, absorbed attention for a time, to the exclusion of politics. The fight was for £2000. King was victorious, after a terrible contest, which lasted about half an hour.

The British Government seem to be determined to prevent the building of war vessels in Great Britain for the Confederates. Besides the rams heretofore seized, the steamer *Pampero* was seized at Glasgow on the 10th of December, by order of the Lord Advocate of Scotland.

Hostilities, apparently of no very serious character, have broken out in India. Some of the Hill Tribes attacked an English position, drove in a picket, but were repulsed Two British officers were killed and five wounded; 128 British and native troops were killed and wounded.—Lord Elgin, the Governor-General of India, died on the 20th of November. He is to be succeeded by Sir John Lawrence.

THE EUROPEAN CONGRESS.

Several of the European Powers have replied formally to the proposal of the French Emperor for a general Congress. As noted in our last number, Great Britain definitely declined to take part.

The reply of the Czar is cordial in terms, and professes a readiness to join in the scheme on certain conditions. "I should be happy," he writes, "if your Majesty's proposition lead to a loyal understanding between the sovereigns; but for this to be practically realized it can only proceed from the consent of the other Great Powers. It is indispensable for your Majesty to define the questions upon which an understanding should be arrived at, and the basis upon which it would be established." Now, as the Polish question is the leading one, it is assumed that the reply of Russia amounts to a refusal.

The King of Prussia is quite ready to take part in a Congress, but thinks that the Ministers of the different States should prepare the proposals to be submitted for consideration; but declares that the Treaties of Vienna must continue to form the foundation of the European political edifice. The reply is thoroughly non-committal.

The Emperor of Austria, in his reply, wished to know the programme of the deliberations. To this the Minister added a dispatch, insisting that the French Government should define its position with more distinctness; then the Austrian Government could decide upon the advantage of joining the Congress.

The Pope assents to the proposal, and declares that he shall "specially demand the re-establishment in Catholic countries of the real pre-eminence naturally appertaining to the Catholic religion as being the true faith." Spain, Italy, Denmark, and Greece assent to the proposal in the most unhesitating terms.

The King of the Belgians answers dubiously. "It would be desirable," he says, "if by the effect of a pacific agreement the existing causes of anxiety in Europe could be settled;" but gives no definite answer beyond declaring that his Government "would be quite inclined to join in it, so far as it could do so." The Germanic Confederation, in its reply, lays down certain conditions precedent, and says that "it will be disposed," as a body, to respond to the invitation, and take part in the Congress, by sending a special Plenipotentiary, who would be there with the members of the Confederation who had received individual invitations.

MEXICO.

In Mexico every thing appears to be in utter confusion. The French are reported to have met with some reverses. General Comonfort was killed on the 13th of November, whether by a party of imperialists, or by a band of robbers, is a matter of doubt.

CENTRAL AMERICA.

For many months a war has been going on between the States of Guatemala and Salvador, the advantages being on the side of the former, until General Barrios of Salvador was, about the close of September, shut up in the capital, and closely besieged. The siege had lasted about a month, when Barrios resolved to cut his way through the beleaguering troops. The attempt was made with the small forces capable of action. Most of these were killed or captured during a long march through a hostile country; but the General with a few followers at last succeeded in reaching the coast, where he was received on board an American vessel, which conveyed him to Panama, whence he took passage for New York.

Troubles have broken out between Ecuador and the United States of Colombia, the precise grounds of which are obscure. The Ecuadorian General Flores has marched into New Granada, and a naval expedition from Guayaquil has seized the small port of Tumaco. Mosquera, the President of Colombia, has gathered forces to oppose Flores. Unless there is a revolution at home it would appear that the forces of Colombia are far superior to those of Ecuador.

Honduras is likely to be agitated by a dispute as to the Presidency. It seems that when Guardiola was assassinated, a couple of years ago, the Presidency was assumed for the remainder of his term by the Senator Medina. At the recent election Medina was defeated by General Natrach. Medina then summoned the Congress to meet in February, expecting that this body would declare him elected, upon what grounds we do not know.—Nicaragua is in some way involved in the quarrel between Salvador and Guatemala. Costa Rica seems to be the only Central American state which remains tranquil.

ARMY AND NAVY ITEMS.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL MICHAEL CORCORAN died on Tuesday, the 22d of December, at Fairfax Court House, Virginia, from injuries received by a fall from his horse. General CORCORAN was born in Curronkeel, Sligo County, Ireland, on the 21st of September, 1827, and emigrated to this city in 1849. In the summer of 1859 he became Colonel of the Sixty-ninth Regiment. He was being court-martialed for his refusal to take part in the reception given to the Prince of Wales when the rebellion broke out. His regiment was needed, and he was allowed to take command of it. At the first battle of Bull Run he was wounded and taken prisoner, and remained in confinement for thirteen months. He was released in August, 1862, when he returned to this city, upon which occasion he was honored with one of the most brilliant ovations which New York ever gave. He then received his rank as Brigadier-General and commenced the organization of the "Corcoran Legion," which he has since led on the battle-field.

A few days ago JOSEPH LUME, *alias* JOHN KENDALL, a conscript or substitute in the Third New Hampshire Volunteers, was shot at Morris Island for desertion.

Major-General BUTLER has been to Point Lookout on a tour of inspection among hospitals and prisons. There had been some rumor of an intention on the part of some rebels to release the prisoners confined at that point, and of a tendency to revolt among the prisoners themselves. This was doubtless the occasion of his mission.

On Christmas-day the Russian fleet arrived in Hampton Roads at noon, saluting our flag. The *Minnesota* replied.

The steamer *New York* left City Point on the 25th with five hundred prisoners for exchange.

A few days ago the New Orleans steam-ship *George Cromwell* was seized by Marshal MURRAY, and a large quantity of powder and percussion caps were found on board. Several passengers who presented a suspicious appearance were arrested. The shipment of the materials of war—which were supposed to be intended for the rebels—was traced to a certain prominent house in Cortlandt Street. The main facts of the case have been concealed by the authorities—no doubt for good reasons—and it is therefore enveloped in some mystery for the present.

The famous prize *Peterhoff* has been put in commission at the Brooklyn Navy-yard as a thorough man-of-war, having gone through the process of "conversion" in the most successful manner. She will in a few days be ready for active service.

Captain WILLIAM W. BADGER, who was dismissed from the One Hundred and Forty-fifth New York Volunteers in August last, for an alleged insult to his colonel and lieutenant-colonel, has been honorably reinstated by President LINCOLN, and has been appointed a captain in the Ironsides Regiment (the One Hundred and Seventy-sixth), now in Louisiana. In the mean time the offended colonel and lieutenant-colonel have been dismissed from the service on dishonorable charges. Captain BADGER leaves for New Orleans quite vindicated.

It is stated that the Confederacy has sent Commissioners to Ireland to recruit clandestinely for the rebel army. At least so says a Captain in the United States army lately returned from Richmond. The plan is said to be as follows: Advertisements will be inserted in country journals stating that 200 or 300 laborers, 100 mechanics, 50 clerks, etc., are required for immediate and lucrative employments. The applicants are told that their passage will be paid free to America, and that the employment promised will be guaranteed there. Blockade-running steamers are to call at Cork for orders, and take the entrapped recruits to their destination.

Four hundred and eighteen rebels have, within the last few days, been released from the Old Capitol and allowed to go North upon taking the oath of allegiance. Over a hundred remain who have expressed a desire to do likewise.

The Senate have postponed the period at which the three hundred dollar bounties are to cease from the 5th of January to the 1st of February; and the draft will probably be put off for the same length of time.

Private JOHN TEAGUE, Company A, Fifth Vermont, and Private —— BLOWERS, Company B, Third Vermont Regiment, having been tried before a general court-martial for desertion and found guilty were executed on December 19.

Commodore MONTGOMERY will relieve Commodore HARWOOD of the command of the Washington Navy-yard on the 1st of January. At the same time the popular executive officer of the yard, Commander F. A. PARKER, will assume the command of the Potomac flotilla.

After the 1st of January the North Atlantic Blockading Squadron will be relieved from duty in the Chesapeake Bay, north of York River, by the gun-boats of the Potomac flotilla.

On Wednesday evening, December 23, General BURNSIDE arrived at his home in Providence. Governor SMITH met him at the dépôt, and a Major-General's salute was fired.

In the skirmish which took place a short time ago at Bean's Station, the enemy admit a loss of 800 in killed and wounded.

All the officers, soldiers, and sailors, captured at Galveston in January last have been paroled, and are on the way to New Orleans.

The probable number of re-enlistments into the Veteran corps from the Army of the Potomac is estimated at ten thousand.

The Soldiers' Relief Bazar of Boston will pay over one hundred and forty thousand dollars to the Sanitary Commission.

The United States steamer *Massachusetts* arrived at Fortress Monroe on the 27th ult. She had on board sixteen rebel prisoners, and also a portion of the obstructions in Charleston harbor, forwarded to Washington by Admiral DAHLGREN.

Private WILLEY, Company B, Second Cavalry, was accidentally killed by the discharge of his own revolver while lying in his bunk.

The first New York regiment which has re-enlisted is the Sixth New York Cavalry, Colonel DEVINS. It has left for home on furlough.

Brigadier-General ROBERT O. TYLER has been relieved of his command and put at the head of the Irish Legion, lately commanded by CORCORAN.

The duty of superintending the exchange of prisoners has been transferred from General MEREDITH to General BUTLER, and a new *régime* will be at once established.

Several officers and soldiers of the rebel army have come into the Union lines at Newbern, North Carolina, and taken the new oath of allegiance, and accepted the pardon offered by Mr. LINCOLN's recent Proclamation. They report that a number of others are about to do the same thing.

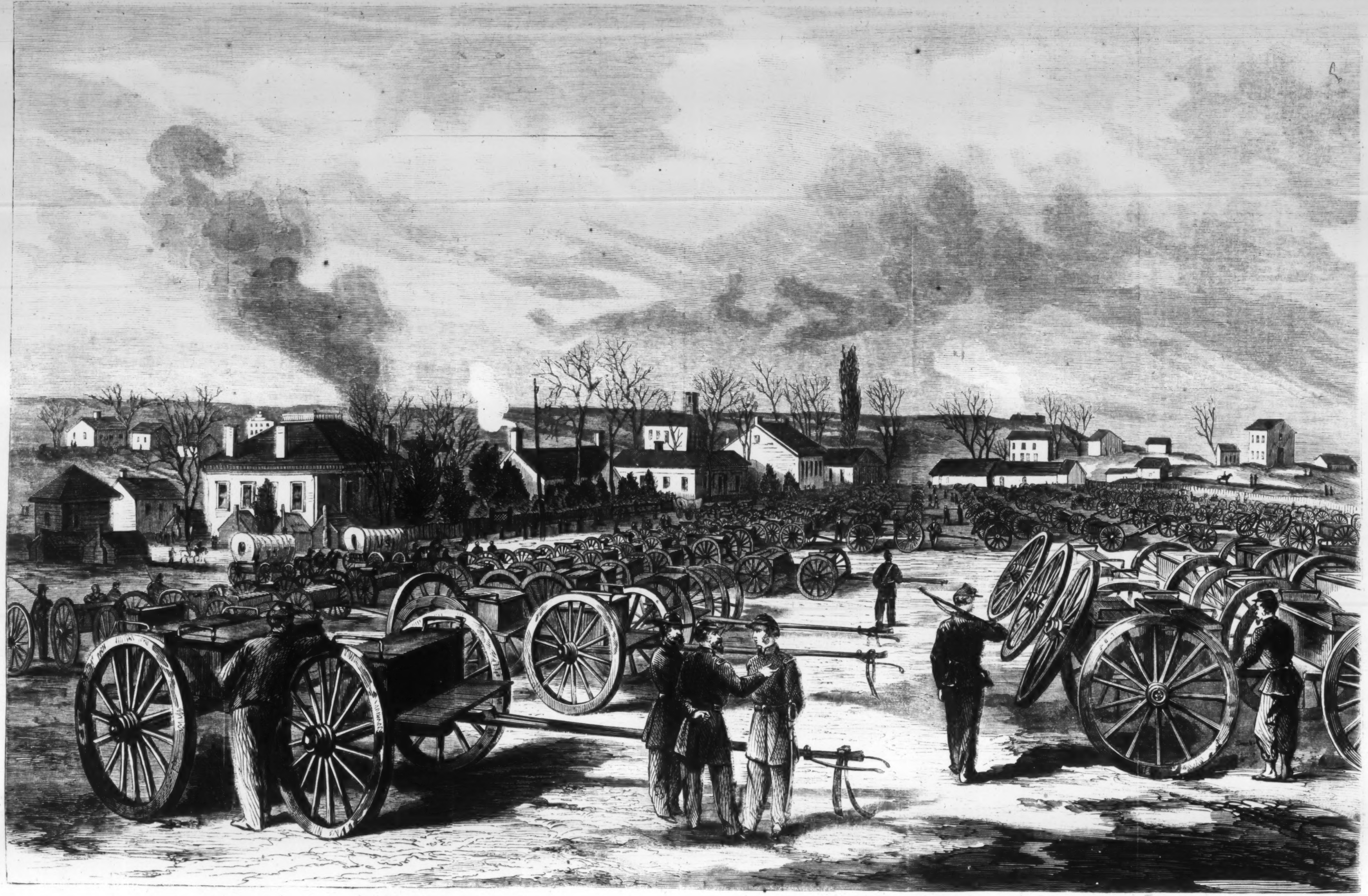
On December 28 COLLINS and M'KENNA, two of the *Chesapeake* pirates, were arrested and brought before the police magistrate at St. John.

Lieutenant-Commander M'CUNN, of the gun-boat *Kennebec*, has captured a rebel schooner, the *Marshal J. Smith*, laden with cotton and turpentine, and bound from Mobile to Havana. Her cargo, it is supposed, includes two hundred and sixty bales of cotton.

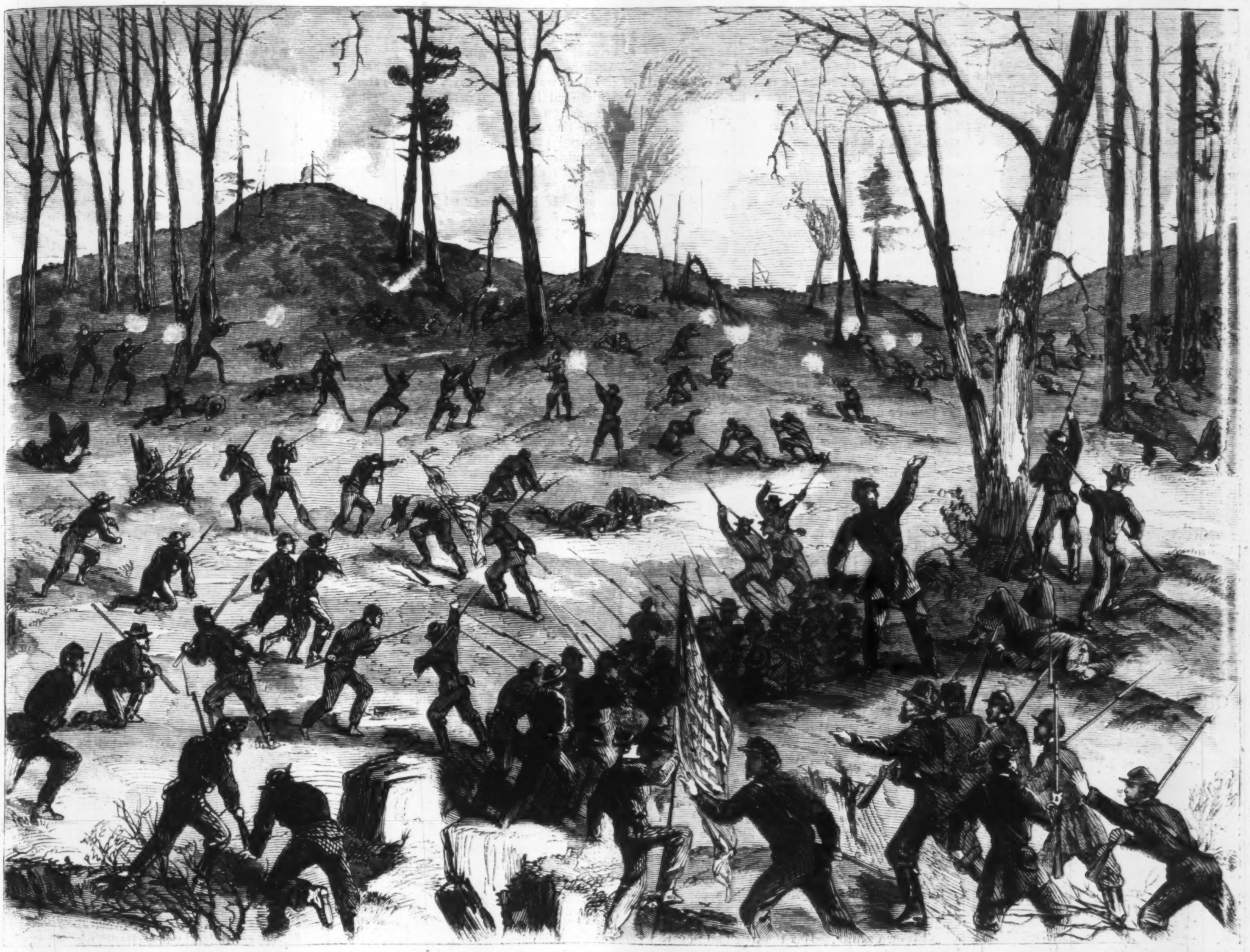
The Richmond papers are despondent over the effects of General AVERILL's late raid.

A new cemetery, called the Chattanooga United States Cemetery, has been established in order that every soldier who has fallen in the vicinity of Chattanooga may not only be properly interred but in such a manner as to secure most readily his identification by his friends.

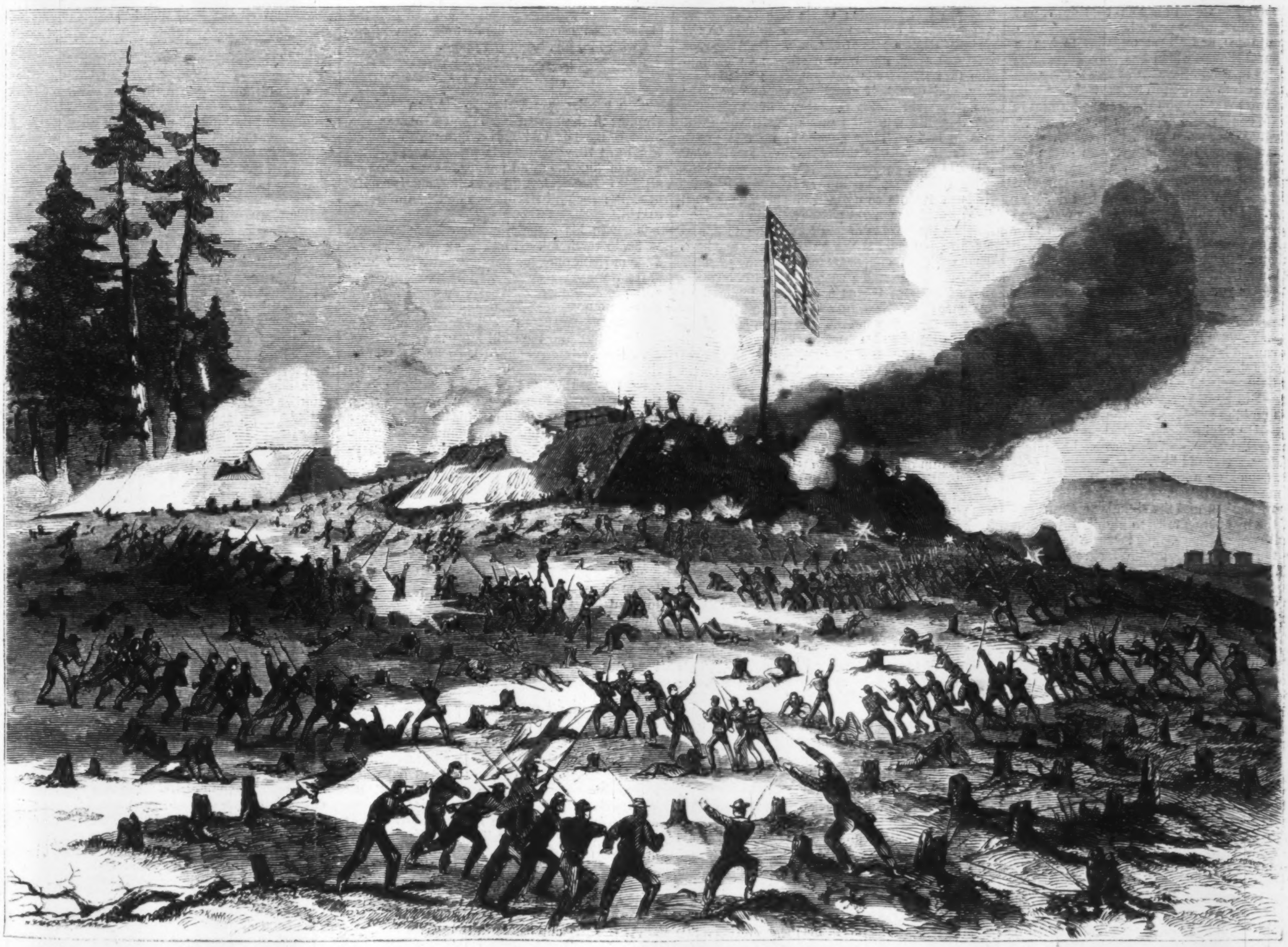
The frauds in the Quarter-master's Department at Alexandria will foot up millions. The Secretary of War has taken the matter in hand. These frauds have been in progress seven months.



HEAD-QUARTERS OF GENERAL THOMAS—THE CAPTURED CANNON.—Sketched by Mr. Theodore R. Davis.—[See Page 23.]



CHARGE OF COLONEL CREIGHTON'S BRIGADE AT THE BATTLE OF RINGGOLD.—SKETCHED BY MR. THEODORE R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 23.]



FORT SAUNDERS ASSAULTED BY A PORTION OF LONGSTREET'S CORPS.—SKETCHED BY MR. THEODORE R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 23.]

LOOKOUT.

[The following stirring poem was sent by Dr. Meigs, of Philadelphia, father of General M. C. Meigs, whose vivid description of the "Battle in the Clouds" has become classic, to his son, with a note, in which he says: "If my verses were worthy of being presented to General Hooker I should be glad to give them to him, with the blessing of an old man, who has many a time prayed to God in his behalf, and is now thankful and proud for the honor with which his life has been crowned.]

LEFT, right! left, right!—
Left, right!—March!
Steady, men! so—
For silent we go
To rescue our country from tyrant and foe.
Not a word, my good men—not a sound,
Save the tramp of your tread,
Till you win the mountain's topmost head,
Where trenches and bulwarks stand circling them round.
Not a shout! no hurrah!
Not a musket-shot,
Nor the scream of a shell,
As nearer you draw;
Not a trumpet's blare
Nor a bugle's note,
Till, blind with the daze
Of your bayonets' blaze,
Your loud hurrah shall sound their knell.
Left, right! left, right!
Steady, ye freemen!—So!
Now forward we go,
Rushing o'er abattis, breast-work, and wall,
Victorious, in triumph o'er slavery's fall,
Shouting pæans. Io to our glorious stars!
Hurrahing loud anthems to the Red, White, and Blue,
As they fly with their bright constellation of light,
Proclaiming to traitors and tyrants in flight
That "Victory the Wingless" dwells ever with you.

VERY HARD CASH.

BY CHARLES READE, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF "IT IS NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND," ETC.

CHAPTER LVIII.

THEY all thought in their innocence that Hardie v. Hardie was now at an end. Captain Dodd could prove Alfred's soi-disant illusion to be the simple truth. But Compton let them know that this evidence had come too late. "What, may we not get up and say here *is* papa, and it is all true?" cried Julia, indignant.

"No, Miss Dodd, certainly not, our case is closed."

"But suppose I insist on doing it?"

"Then you will be put out of court, Miss Dodd."

"Much I care, Mr. Compton."

He smiled, but convinced them.

Well then they would all go as spectators, and pray that justice might prevail.

They did go: and all sat together to hear a matter puzzled over, which had David come one day earlier he would have set at rest forever.

Dick Absolom was put in to prove that Alfred had put two sovereigns on the stumps for him to bowl if he could; and after him the defendant, Mr. Thomas Hardie, a mild, benevolent, weak gentleman was put into the box, and swore the boy's father had come to him with story after story of the plaintiff's madness, and the trouble it would get him into: and so he had done for the best. His simplicity was manifest, and Saunders worked it ably. When Colt got hold of him, and badgered him, he showed something more than simplicity. He stuttered, he contradicted himself, he perspired, he all but wept.

Colt.—Are you sure you had no spite against him?

Deft.—No.

Colt.—You are not sure, eh?

This candid interpretation of his words knocked him stupid. He made no reply, but looked utterly flabbergasted.

Colt.—Did he not provoke you? Did he not call you an idiot?

Deft.—He might.

Colt (satirically).—Of course he might (Laughter). But did he?

Deft. (plucking up a little spirit).—No. He called me SOFT TOMMY.

This revelation, and the singular appropriateness of the nickname, were so highly relished by an intelligent audience, that it was a long time before the trial could go on for roars. The plaintiff's ringing laugh was heard among the rest.

The cross-examination proceeded in this style till the defendant began to drivel at the mouth a little. At last, after a struggle, he said, with a piteous whine, that he could not help it: he hated signing his name; some mischief always came of it; but this time he had no option.

"No option?" said Colt. "What do you mean?"

And with one or two more turns of the screw, out came this astounding revelation:

"Richard said if I didn't put Taff in one, *he* would put *me* in one."

The Judge.—In one what?

Deft. (weeping bitterly).—In one mad-house, my lord.

In the peal that followed this announcement Colt sat down grinning. Saunders rose smiling. "I am much obliged to the learned counsel for making my case," said he: "I need not prolong the sufferings of the innocent. You can go down, Mr. Hardie."

The Judge.—Have you any defense to this action?

"Certainly, my lord."

"Do you call Richard Hardie?"

"No, my lord."

"Then you had better confine yourself to the question of damages."

The sturdy Saunders would not take the hint: he replied upon the whole case, and fought hard for a verdict. The line he took was bold; he described Richard Hardie as a man who had acquired a complete power over his weaker brother: and had not only persuaded him by statements, but even compelled him by threats, to do what he believed would be the salvation of his nephew. Will you imitate the learned counsel's cruelty? Will you strike a child? In short, he made a powerful appeal to their pity, while pretending to address their judgments.

Then Colt rose like a tower, and assuming the verdict as certain, asked the jury for heavy damages. He contrasted powerfully the defendant's paltry claim to pity with the anguish the plaintiff had undergone. He drew the wedding party, the insult to the bride, the despair of the kidnapped bridegroom; he lashed the whole gang of conspirators concerned in the crime, regretted that they could only make one of all these villains smart, but hinted that Richard and Thomas Hardie were in one boat, and that heavy damages inflicted on Thomas would find the darker culprit out. He rapped out Mr. Cowper's lines on liberty, and they were new to the jury, though to nobody else: he warned them that all our liberties depended on *them*. "In vain," said he, "have we beheaded one tyrant, and banished another, to secure those liberties, if men are to be allowed to send away their own flesh and blood into the worst of all prisons for life and not smart for it, in those lamentably few cases in which the law finds them out and lays hold of them." But it would task my abilities to the utmost, and occupy more time than is left me, to do any thing like justice to the fluent fiery eloquence of Colt, Q.C., when he got a great chance like this. Tonat, fulgurat, et rapidis eloquentiæ fluctibus cuncta proruit et proturbat. Bursts of applause, that neither crier nor judge could suppress, bore witness to the deep indignation Britons feel when their hard-earned liberties are tampered with by power or fraud, in defiance of law; and when he sat down, the jury were ready to fly out at him with £5000 in hand.

Then rose the passionless voice of "justice according to law." I wish I could give the very words. The following is the effect as *I* understood it. Lawyers forgive deficiencies!

"This is an important, but not a difficult case. The plaintiff sues the defendant under the law of England for falsely imprisoning him in a mad-house. The imprisonment is admitted, and the sufferings of the plaintiff not disputed. The question is, whether he was insane at the time of the act? Now, I must tell you, that in a case of this kind it lies upon the defendant to prove the plaintiff's insanity, rather than on the plaintiff to prove his own sanity. Has the defendant overcome this the difficulty? We have had from him hearsay and conjectures of respectable persons, but very little evidence. Illusion is the best proof of insanity: and a serious endeavor was certainly made to fasten an illusion on the plaintiff about a sum of £14,000. But the proof was very weak, and went partly on an assumption that all error is hallucination: this is illusory, and would, if acted on, set one half the kingdom imprisoning the other half; and, after all, they did not quite prove that the plaintiff was *in error*. They advanced no undeniable proof that Mr. Richard Hardie has not embezzled this £14,000. I don't say it was proved on the other hand that he did embezzle that sum. Richard Hardie suing Alfred Hardie for libel on this evidence might possibly obtain a verdict: for then the burden of proof would lie on Alfred Hardie: but here it lies on those who say he is insane. The fact appears to be that the plaintiff imbibed a reasonable suspicion of his own father's integrity; it was a suspicion founded on evidence; imperfect, indeed, but of a high character as far as it went. There was a letter from Captain Dodd to his family, announcing his return with £14,000 upon him, and, while as yet unaware of this letter, the plaintiff heard David Dodd accuse Richard Hardie of possessing improperly £14,000, the identical sum. At least, he swears to this, and as Richard Hardie was not called to contradict him, you are at liberty to suppose that Richard Hardie could not contradict him on oath. Here, then, true or false, was a rational suspicion; and every man has a right to a rational suspicion of his neighbor, and even to utter it within due limits: and, if he overstep those, the party slandered has his legal remedy; and, if he omits his legal remedy, and makes an attempt of doubtful legality not to confute but to stifle the voice of reasonable suspicion, shrewd men will suspect all the more. But then comes a distinct and respectable kind of evidence for the defendant; he urges that the plaintiff was going to sign away his property to his wife's relations. Now, this was proved, and a draft of the deed put in and sworn to. This taken singly, has a very extraordinary look; still you must consider the plaintiff's reasonable suspicion that money belonging to the Dodds had passed irregularly to the Hardies, and then the wonder is much diminished. Young and noble minds have in every age done these generous, self-denying, and delicate acts. The older we get, the less likely we are to be incarcerated for a crime of this character. But we are not to imprison youth and chivalry because we have outgrown them. To go from particulars to generals, the defendant on whom the proof lies, has advanced hearsay and conjecture, and not put their originators into the box. And the plaintiff, on whom the proof does not lie, has advanced an overpowering amount of evidence that he was sane at the time of his incarceration: this was proved to demonstration by friends, strangers, and by himself." Here the judge analyzed the testimony of several of the plaintiff's witnesses.

"As to the parties themselves, it is curious how they impersonated, so to speak, their respective lines of argument. The representative of evidence and sound reasoning, though accused of insanity, was clear, precise, frank, rational, and dignified in the witness-box. The party who relied on hearsay and conjecture was as feeble as they are; he was almost imbecile, as you observed; and looking at both parties, it seems monstrous that the plaintiff should be the one confined as a lunatic, and the defendant allowed to run wild and lock up his intellectual superiors. If he means to lock them all up, who is safe? (Laughter.) The only serious question, I apprehend, is on what basis the damages ought to be assessed. The plaintiff's counsel has made a powerful appeal to your passions, and calls for vengeance. Now, I must tell you you have no right to make yourselves ministers of vengeance, nor even to punish the defendant in a suit of the kind: still less ought you to strike the defendant harder than you otherwise would, in the vague hope of hitting indirectly the true mover of the defendant and the other puppets. Let me solemnly warn you against that unfortunate suggestion of the learned counsel's. If the plaintiff wants vengeance, the criminal law offers it. After benefiting by your verdict, he can still indict the guilty party or parties. Meanwhile he comes *here*, not for vengeance, but for compensation, and restoration to that society which he is every way fitted to adorn. More than this—and all our sympathies—it is not for us to give him. But then the defendant's cause went too far the other way. His client, he says, is next door to an idiot, and so forsooth his purse must be spared entirely. This is all very well if it could be done without ignoring the plaintiff and his just claim to compensation. If the defendant instead of being weak-minded were an idiot, or a lunatic, it would protect him from punishment as a felon, but not for damages in a suit. A sane man is not to be falsely imprisoned by a lunatic without full compensation from the lunatic or his estate; à fortiori, he is not to be so imprisoned by a mere fool without just compensation. Supposing your verdict then to be for the plaintiff, I think vindictive damages would be unfair on this feeble defendant, who has acted recklessly, but under an error, and without malice or bad faith. On the other hand, nominal or even unsubstantial damages would be unjust to the plaintiff, and perhaps leave in some minds a doubt, I am sure you do not entertain, as to the plaintiff's perfect sanity during the whole period of his life."

As soon as his lordship had ended, the foreman of the jury said their minds were quite made up long ago.

Si—lence in the court.

We find for the plaintiff, with damages three thousand five hundred pounds.

The verdict was received with some surprise by the judge, and all the lawyers, except Mr. Colt, and by the people with acclamation; in the midst of which Mr. Colt announced that the plaintiff had just gained his first class at Oxford. "I wish him joy," said the judge.

CHAPTER LIX.

THE verdict was a thunder-clap to Richard Hardie; he had promised Thomas to bear him blameless. The Old Turks, into which he had bought at 72, were down to 71, and that implied a loss of five thousand pounds. On the top of all this came Mr. Compton's letter, neatly copied by Colls: Richard Hardie was doubly and trebly ruined.

Then in his despair and hate he determined to baffle them all, ay, and sting the hearts of some of them once more.

He would give Peggy his last shilling; write a line to Alfred, another to Julia, assuring them he had no money, and they had killed him. And with that leave them both the solemn curse of a dying father, and then kill himself.

Not to be interrupted in his plan, he temporized with Mr. Compton; wrote that, if the Receipt was really signed by his agent, of course the loss must fall on him; it was a large sum, but he would sell out and do his best, in ten days from date. With this he went and bought a pistol, and at several chemists' shops a little essential oil of almonds: his plan was to take the poison, and if it killed without pain well and good; but if it tortured him, then he would blow his brains out at once.

He soon arranged his worldly affairs, and next day gave Peggy his £500, and told her she had better keep it for fear he should be arrested. He sent her on an errand to the other part of town: then with his poison and the pistol before him on the table, wrote a brief but emphatic curse for his son, and Julia; and a line to Peggy to thank her for her fidelity to one so much older than herself, and to advise her to take a tobacconist's shop with his money: when he had done all this, he poured out the fragrant poison and tasted it.

Ere he could drink it, one of those quidnuncs who are always interrupting a gentleman when he has important business on hand came running in with all manner of small intelligence. Mr. Hardie put down the glass and gave him short, sullen answers, in hopes he would then go away and let him proceed to business. And at last his visitor did rise and go. Mr. Hardie sat down with a sigh of relief to his fragrant beverage.

Doesn't the door open, and this bore poke in his head? "Oh, I forgot to tell you: the Old Turks are going up to-day like a shot." And with this he slammed the door again, and was off.

At this the cup began to tremble in the resolute wretch's hand. The Old Turks going up! He poured the poison back into the vial, and put it and the pistol, and all the letters, carefully into his pocket, and took a cab to the City.

The report was true; there was an extraordinary movement in the Old Turks. The sultan was about to pay a portion of this loan, being at six per cent.; this had transpired, and at four o'clock the Turks were quoted at 73. Mr. Hardie returned a gainer of £5000 instead of a loser. And he locked up the means of death for the present.

And now an ordinary man would have sold out, and got clear of the fatal trap: but this was not an ordinary man: he would not sell a share that day. In the afternoon they rose to 74. He came home, unloaded his pistol, and made himself some brandy-and-water, and with a grim smile, flavored it with a few drops of the poison—that was a delicious tumbler. The Turks went up, up, up, to 82. Then he sold out, and cleared £49,000, and all in about ten days.

With this revived the habits of his youth; no more cheating: nothing could excuse that but the dread of poverty. He went to his appointment with Mr. Compton; asked to see the Receipt; said "Yes; that was his form, and Skinner's handwriting; he had never personally received one farthing of the money; Skinner had clearly embezzled it; but that did not matter; of course, Captain Dodd must not lose his money. Send your bill of costs in Hardie vs. Hardie to *me*, Mr. Compton," said he, "they shall not be taxed: you have lost enough by me already."

There was an air of dignity and good faith about the man that imposed even on Compton. And when Mr. Hardie drew out the notes and said, "I should be grateful if you would forgive me the interest; but for a great piece of good fortune on the Stock Exchange, I could never have paid the whole principal," he said, warmly.

"The interest should never be demanded through *him*."

He called in Colls, delivered up the Receipt, and received the £14,010, 12*s.* 6*d.* from Mr. Hardie.

O Immortal Cash! You, like your great inventor, have a kind of spirit as well as a body; and on this, not on your grosser part, depends your personal identity. So long as that survives, your body may be recalled to its lawful owner from Heaven knows where.

Mr. Compton rushed to Pembroke Street and put this hard, hard Cash in David Dodd's hands once more.

Love and Constancy had triumphed: and Julia and Alfred were to be married and go down to Albion Villa to prepare it for the whole party: tenants no more: Alfred had bought it. The Commissioners of Lunacy had protected his £20,000 zealously from the first: and his trustees had now paid the money over.

Alfred, consulted by Mrs. Dodd, whose pet of pets he now was, as to the guests to be asked to the wedding-breakfast, suggested "none but the tried friends of our adversity."

"What an excellent idea!" said Mrs. Dodd, naïvely.

Dr. Sampson being duly invited asked if he should bring his Emulsion.

This proposal puzzled all but Mrs. Dodd. She was found laughing heartily in a corner without any sound of laughter. Being detected and pointed out by Julia, she said, with a little crow, "He means his wife! Yes, certainly, bring your Emulcent"—pretending he had used that more elegant word—"and then they will all see how well you can behave."

Accordingly he brought a lady, who was absurdly pretty to be the mother of several grown young ladies and gentlemen, and two shades more quiet and placid than Mrs. Dodd. She quietly had her chair placed by Dr. Sampson's, and, whenever he got racy, she put a hand gently on his shoulder, and by some mesmeric effect it moderated him as Neptune did the waves in the Æneid. She was such a mistress of this mesmeric art that she carried on a perfect conversation with her other neighbor, yet modulated her lion lord with a touch of that composing hand, in a parenthetical manner, and while looking another way.

This hand, soft as down, yet to all appearance irresistible, suppressed the great art of healing, vital chronometry, the wrongs of inventors, the collusions of medicine, the Mad Ox, and all but drawing-room topics, at the very first symptom, and only just allowed the doctor to be the life and soul of the party.

Julia and Mrs. Dodd had a good cry at parting. Of course Alfred consoled them; reminded them it was only for a week, and carried off his lovely prize, who in the carriage soon dried her eyes upon his shoulder.

Then she applied to her new lord and master for information. "They *say* that you and me are one, now," said she.

He told her triumphantly it was so.

"Then from this moment you are Julius and I am Elfrida," said she.

"That is a bargain," said he, and sealed it on the sweet lips that were murmuring Heaven so near him.

In this sore-tried and now happy pair the ardor of possession lasted long, and was succeeded by the sober but full felicity of conjugal love and high esteem combined. They were so young and elastic that past sorrows seemed but to give one zest more to the great draught of happiness they now drank day by day. They all lived together at Albion Villa, thanks to Alfred. He was by nature combative, and his warlike soul was roused at the current theory that you can not be happy under the same roof with your wife's mother. "That is cant," said he to Mrs. Dodd; "let us you and I trample on it hand in hand."

"My child," said poor Mrs. Dodd, sorrowfully, "every body says a mother-in-law in the house bores a young gentleman sadly."

"If a young gentleman can't live happy with *you*, mamma," said he, kissing her, "he is a little snob, that is all, and not fit to live at all. Delenda est Cantilena! That means down with Cant!" They did live together: and behold eleven French plays, with their thirty-three English adaptations, confuted to the end of time.

Creatures so high-bred as Mrs. Dodd never fidget one. There is a repose about them; they are balm to all those they love, and blister to none. Item, no stranger could tell by Mrs. Dodd's manner whether Edward or Alfred was her own son.

Oh, you happy little villa! you were as like Paradise as any mortal dwelling can be. A day came, however, when your walls could no longer hold all the happy inmates. Julia presented Alfred with a lovely boy: enter nurses, and the villa showed symptoms of bursting. Two months more, and Alfred and his wife and boy overflowed into the next villa. It was but twenty yards off; and there was a double reason for the migration. As often happens after a long separation, Heaven bestowed on Captain and Mrs. Dodd another infant to play about their knees at present, and help them grow younger instead of older: for tender parents begin life again with their children.

The boys were nearly of a size, though the nephew was a month or two older than his uncle, a relationship that was early impressed on their young minds, and caused those who heard their prattle many a hearty laugh.

"Mrs. Dodd," said a lady, "I couldn't tell by your manner which is yours and which is your daughter's."

"Why they are both mine," said Mrs. Dodd, piteously.

As years rolled on Dr. Sampson made many converts at home and abroad. The foreign ones acknowledged their obligations. The leading London physicians managed more skillfully; they came into his ideas, and bit by bit reversed their whole practice, and, twenty years after Sampson, began to strengthen the invalid at once, instead of first prostrating him, and so causing either long sickness or sudden death. But, with all this, they disowned their forerunner, and still called him a quack while adopting his quackery. This dishonesty led them into difficulties. To hide that their whole practice in medicine was reversed on *better information*, they went from shuffle to shuffle, till at last they reached this climax of fatuity and egotism—THE TYPE OF DISEASE IS CHANGED.

Natura mutatur, non nos mutamur.

O, mutable Nature and immutable doctors!

O, unstable Omniscience, and infallible Nescience!

The former may err; the latter never—in its own opinion.

At this rate, draining the weak of their life-blood was the right thing in Cervantes's day: and when he observed that it killed men like sheep, and said so, sub tit Sangrado, he was confounding his own age with an age to come three hundred years later, in which coming age depletion was *going* to be wrong.

Molière—in lashing the whole scholastic system of lancet, purge, and blister as one of slaughter—committed the same error: mistook his century for one to come.

And Sampson, thirty years ago, sang the same tune, and mistook his inflammatory generation for the cool generation unborn. In short, it is the characteristic of a certain blunder called genius to see things too far in advance. The surest way to avoid this is not to see them at all; but go blindly by the cant of the hour. Race moutonniere, va!

Sampson was indignant at finding these gentry, after denouncing him for years as a quack, were pilfering his system, yet still reviling him. He went in a towering passion, and lashed them by tongue and pen: told them they were his subtractors now as well as detractors, asked them how it happened that in countries where there is no Sampson the type of disease remains unchanged, depletion is the practice, and death the result, as it was in every age?

No man, however stout, can help being deeply wounded when he sees his ideas stolen, yet their author and publisher disowned. Many men's hearts have been broken by this: but I doubt whether they were really great men.

Don't tell me Liliput ever really kills Brobdignab. Except of course when Brobdignab takes medical advice of Liliput.

Dr. Sampson had three shields against subtraction, detraction, and all the wrongs inventors endure; to wit, a choleric temper, a keen sense of humor, and a good wife. He storms and rages at his detracting pupils; but ends with roars of laughter at their impudence. I am told he still hopes to meet with justice some day, and to give justice a chance he goes to bed at ten, for, says he,

Jinny us, jinny us,
Take care of your carcass,

and explains that no genius ever lived to ninety without being appreciated.

"If Chatterton and Keats had attended to this, they would have been all right. If James Watt had died at fifty he would have been all wrong; for at fifty he was a failure: so was the painter Etty, th' English Tishin." And then he accumulates examples.

His last distich bearing on Hard Cash is worth recording. "Miss Julee," said he, "y' are goen to maerry int' a strange family—

Where th' ijjit puts the jinny us
In—til a mad-hus,"

which, like most of the droll things this man said, was true: for Soft Tommy and Alfred were the two intellectual extremes of the whole tribe of Hardies.

Mrs. Archbold, disappointed both in love and revenge, reposed her understanding and soothed her mind with Frank Beverley and opium. This soon made the former deep in love with her, and his intellect grew by contact with hers. But one day news came from Australia that her husband was dead. Now, perhaps I shall surprise the reader if I tell him that this Edith Archbold began her wedded life a good, confiding, loving faithful woman. Yet so it was: the unutterable blackguard she had married, he it was who labored to spoil her character, and succeeded at last, and drove her, unwilling at first, to other men. The news of his death was like a shower-bath; it roused her. She took counsel with herself, and hope revived in her strong head and miserable heart. She told Frank, and watched him like a hawk. He instantly fell on his knees, and implored her to marry him directly. She gave him her hand and turned away, and shed the most womanly tear that had blessed her for years. "I am not mad, you know," said poor Frank; "I am only a bit of a muff." To make a long story short, she exerted all her intelligence, and with her help Frank took measures toward superseding his Commission of Lunacy. Now, in such a case, the Lord Chancellor always examines the patient in person. What was the consequence? Instead of the vicarious old Wolf, who had been devouring him at third and fourth hand, Frank had two interviews with the chancellor himself: a learned, grave, upright gentleman, who questioned him kindly and shrewdly; and finding him to be a young man of small intellectual grasp, but not the least idiotic or mad, superseded his commission in defiance of his greedy kinsfolk, and handed him his property. He married Edith Archbold, and she made him as happy as the day was long. For the first year or two she treated his adoration with good-natured contempt; but, as years rolled on, she became more loving, and he more knowing. They are now a happy pair, and all between her first honest love and this her last, seems to her a dream.

So you see a female rake can be ameliorated by a loving husband, as well as a male rake by a loving wife.

It sounds absurd, but that black-browed jade is like to be one of the best wives and mothers in England. But then, mind you, she had always—Brains.

I don't exactly know why Horace puts together those two epithets, "just" and "tenacious of purpose." Perhaps he had observed they go together. To be honest, I am not clear whether this is so on the grand scale. But certainly these two features did meet remarkably in one of my characters—Alfred Hardie. The day the bank broke he had said he would pay the creditors. He now set to work to do it by degrees. He got the names and addresses, lived on half his income, and paid half away to those creditors; he even asked Julia to try and find Maxley out, and do something for him. "But don't let me see him," said he, trembling, "for I could not answer for myself." Maxley was known to be cranky but harmless, and wandering about the country. Julia wrote to Mr. Green.

Alfred's was an up-hill game; but fortune favors the obstinate as well as the bold. One day, about four years after his marriage with Julia, being in London, he found a stately figure at the corner of a street, holding out his hand for alms, too dignified to ask it except by that mute and touching gesture.

It was his father.

Then, as truly noble natures must forgive the fallen, Alfred was touched to the heart, and thought of the days of his childhood before temptation came. "Father," said he, "have you come to this?"

"Yes, Alfred," said Richard, composedly: "I undertook too many speculations, especially in lands and houses; they seemed profitable at first too; but now I am entirely hampered: if you would but relieve me of them, and give me a guinea a week to live on, I would forgive all your disobedient conduct."

"Come home with me, Sir," said the young man.

He took him to Barkington, bag and baggage: and his good Christian wife received the old man with delight; she had prayed day and night for this reconciliation. Finding his son so warm, and being himself as cool, Richard Hardie entrapped Alfred into an agreement, to board and lodge him, and pay him a guinea every Saturday at noon; in return for this Alfred was to manage Richard's property, and pocket the profits, if any. Alfred assented: the old man chuckled at his son's simplicity, and made him sign a formal agreement to that effect.

This done he used to sit brooding and miserable nearly all the week till guinea time came; and then brightened up a bit. One day Alfred sent for an accountant to look after his father's papers, and see if matters were really desperate.

The accountant was not long at work, and told Alfred the accounts were perfectly clear, and kept in the most admirable order. "The cash balance is £60,000," said he: "and many of the rents are due. It is an agent you want, not an accountant."

"What are you talking about? a balance of £60,000?" Alfred was stupefied.

The accountant, however, soon convinced him by the figures it was so.

Alfred went with the good news to his father.

His father went into a passion. "That is one side of the account, ye fool," said he, "think of the rates, the taxes, the outgoings. You want to go from your bargain, and turn me on the world; but I have got you in black and white, tight, tight."

Then Alfred saw the truth, and wondered at his past obtuseness.

His father was a monomaniac.

He consulted Sampson, and Sampson told him to increase the old man's comforts on the sly, and pay him his guinea a week. "It's all you can do for him."

Then Alfred employed an agent, and received a large income from his father's land and houses, and another from his consols. The old gentleman had purchased westward of Hyde Park Square, and had bought with excellent judgment till his mind gave way. But Alfred never spent a farthing of it on himself: all he took was for his father's creditors. "All justice is good," said he, "even wild justice." Some of these unfortunate creditors he found in the work-house; the Misses Lunley that survived, were there alas! He paid them their four thousand pounds, and restored them to society. The name of Hardie began to rise again from the dust.

Now, while Richard Hardie sat brooding and miserable, expecting utter ruin, and only brightening up on guinea day, Julia had a protégé with equally false views, but more cheerful ones. It was an old man with a silver beard, and a machine with which he stamped leather into round pieces of silver, in his opinion. Nothing could have shaken that notion out of his mind. Julia confirmed it. She let it be known that she would always cash five pieces of round leather from Mr. Matthew's mint per day, and ten on Friday, when working men are poorest.

She contrived this with diabolical, no, angelical cunning, to save the old man from ridicule, and to do his soul much good. All souls were dear to her. What was the consequence? He went about with his mint, and relieved poor people, and gratified his mania at the same time. His face began to beam with benevolence, and innocent self-satisfaction. On Richard Hardie's all was cordage: and deep gloom sat on his ever-knitted brow.

Of these two men which was the rich man; he who had nothing, yet thought he possessed enough for himself and his neighbors: or he who rolled in wealth, and writhed under imaginary poverty?

One reflection more. Do not look to see Providence dash the cup of prosperity from every dishonest hand; or you will often be disappointed: yet this, if you look closer, you shall often see: such a man holds the glittering cup tight, and nectar to the brim; but into that cup a shadowy hand squeezes some subtle ingredient, which turns that nectar to wormwood.

Richard Hardie died, his end being hastened by fear of poverty coming, like an armed man, and his guinea a week going. Matthews met with an accident, and being impervious to pain, but subject to death, was laid beside his poor mistress in St. Anne's church-yard. Julia buried him, and had a head-stone put to his grave; and, when this was done, she took her husband to see it. On that stone was fresh carved the true name of the deceased, James Maxley.

"I have done what you told me," said Julia, solemnly.

"I know it," said Alfred, softly. "I saw who your Matthews was; but I could not speak of him, even to you. You have done right my good Christian wife. I wish I was like you. My poor little Jenny!"

Richard Hardie's papers were all in order; and among them an old will leaving £14,000 to Edward Dodd.

On this being announced to Edward, he remarked that it was a fraud. Alfred had been at him for a long time with offers of money, and failing these had lost his temper and forged a will, in his, Edward's, favor.

This scandalous defense broke down. The document was indisputable, and the magic sum was forced down Master Edward's throat, nilly willy. Thus rose the Hard Cash once more from the grave.

All this enabled the tenacious Alfred to carry out a deeply-cherished design. Hardie's late bank had been made into a shop; but it belonged to Mrs. Dodd; he bought it of her, and set up the bank again, with Edward as managing partner. This just suited Edward, who sadly wanted employment. Hardie and Co. rose again, and soon wiped out the late disgraceful episode, and hooked on to the past centuries of honor and good credit. No creditor of Richard Hardie was left unpaid. Alfred went in for politics; stood for Barkington, was defeated by seventeen: took it as a matter of course; told his friends he had never succeeded in any thing at first; nor been beaten in the end; stood again, and became M.P. for Barkington, whence to dislodge him I pity any one who tries.

For a long time Mrs. Dodd was nervous, and used to wake with a start at night, and put out her hand to make sure David was not lost again: but this wore off.

For years the anniversary of that fatal day, when he was brought home on a stretcher, came back to them all as a day of gloom: but that wore off.

Sometimes the happiness of her family seemed incredible to her, remembering what they had all gone through. At first, their troubles were too terrible and recent to be discussed. But even that wore off, and they could talk of it all; and things bitter at the time became pleasant to remember.

One mid-summer day they had all dined together rather early, at Albion Villa, and sat on the lawn with Mrs. Dodd's boy and Julia's boy and girl playing about these ladies' knees. Now after a little silence, Mrs. Dodd, who had been thinking quietly of many things, spoke to them all, and said: "If my children and I had not been bosom friends, we never should have survived that terrible time we have passed through, my dears. Make friends of your children, my child."

"Ah, that I will!" said Julia; and caught up the nearest brat, and kissed it.

"It wasn't only being friends, mamma," said Edward; "it was our sticking together so."

In looking back on the story now ended, I incline to the same conclusion. Almost my first word was that Mrs. Dodd and her children were bosom-friends; and my last is to congratulate them that it was so. Think of their various trials and temptations, and imagine what would have become of them if family love and unity had not abounded. Their little house was built on the sure foundation of true family affection: and so the winds of adversity descended, and the floods came, and burst upon that house, but could not prevail against it; it was founded on a rock.

THE END.

THE UPPER AND LOWER RIVER.

I stood by the young, glad river
  That watered the prairies wide,
And held the hues of their golden blooms
  Enshrined in its crystal tide:

And I asked of the dimpled water
  Its secret of happiness,
And it answered full from its heart of joy,
  "I am blessed; I learn to bless."

Its voice was lost in the singing
  That rose from the wheat-fields near,
And the full-cropped quail to the settler's child
  From the opening whistled clear.

I stood by the old, sad river
  That threatened the lowlands wide,
And the shade of the dying Spanish beard
  Held in its poisoned tide:

And I asked the stream the secret
  Of its misery to rehearse,
And it answered deep from its heart of woe,
  "I am cursed; I learn to curse."

Its voice was lost in the clanking
  Of chains in the cane-fields damp,
And a hungry buzzard, gaunt and still,
  Flapped off to the cypress swamp.

THE BATTLE OF RINGGOLD.

The charge of Colonel Creighton's brigade at the battle of Ringgold, a gallant though disastrous assault, which ended the series of battles lately fought by the different commands of General Grant, is presented to our readers on page 21.

Colonel Creighton, killed at the very front of his men, with his last breath gave them, "Three cheers for the First Brigade, and God save the Union!" Nearly every officer of his regiment, the Seventh Ohio, was either killed or wounded, and the loss in the brigade was great.

The warm feeling between the divisions of Generals Geary and Osterhaus, engendered by their mutual gallantry in their side-by-side struggle for our cause, was a gladdening sight to witness.

HEAD-QUARTERS OF GENERAL THOMAS.

In front of the head-quarters of General Thomas, a sketch of which is given on page 20, are now parked the greater portion of the cannon captured in the late battles.

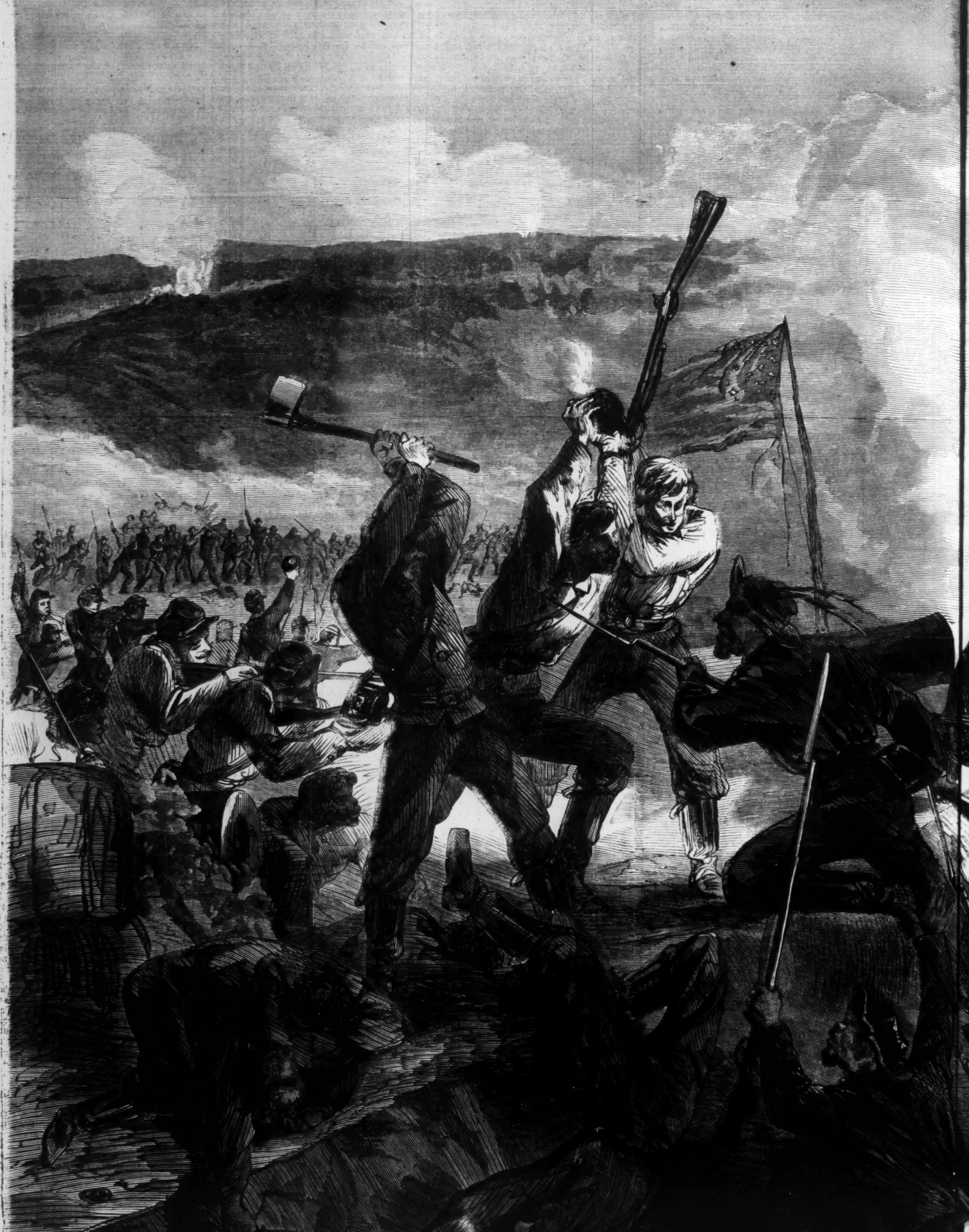
Each day numbers of the soldiers and officers may be seen gathered about the spot, and if space could be given their stories of the manner in which each battery or gun was taken would be of exceeding interest to their many friends who are readers of the *Weekly*. To them the thought that they may look at the same scene that their soldier friends daily view must be gratifying.

ASSAULT ON FORT SAUNDERS.

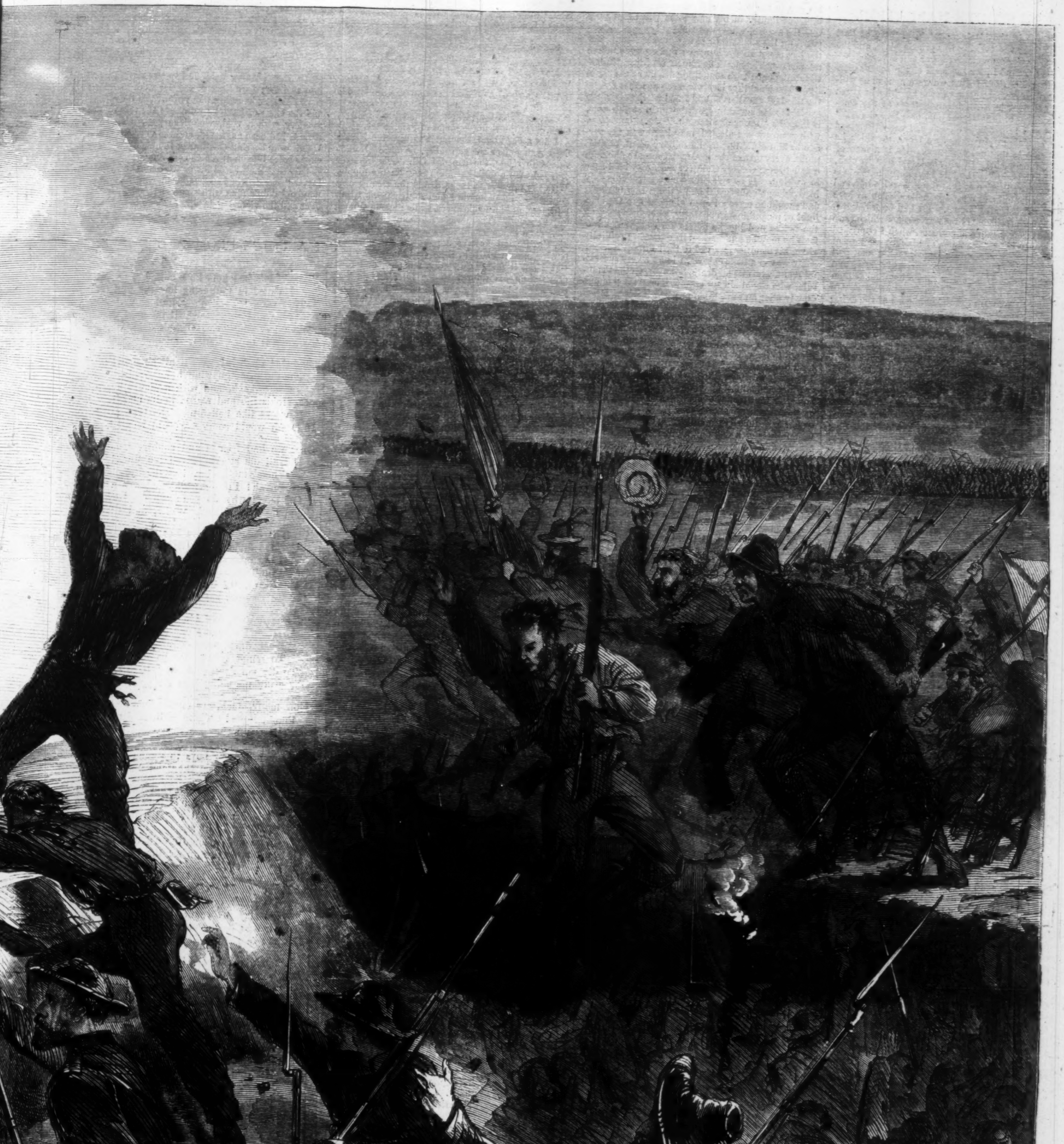
On pages 21, 24, and 25 we publish sketches representing the ASSAULT MADE BY THE REBELS ON FORT SAUNDERS, November 29. The siege of Knoxville had lasted two weeks, and tidings had come of the defeat of Bragg's army by Grant. Knoxville, if taken, therefore, must be taken at once. Fort Saunders was believed by the enemy to be the key to the whole position, and accordingly a forlorn hope was organized out of the choicest spirits of Longstreet's corps to carry the fort by assault, their success to be the signal for a general assault.

At early dawn the assaulting column moved up to the attack over the slope in front of the fort, as seen in the illustration on page 21. This slope was covered with stumps, among which was woven a net-work of wire. This and a galling fire from our rifle-pits, into which the men were crowded, threw their column into confusion. But they struggled on. As soon as they came within easy grape-shot range the guns of the fort opened upon them with great effect. Around the fort was a deep ditch, twelve feet wide, upon which the enemy had not calculated. The parapet was high and steep. The fighting at this point is represented in the illustration on pages 24 and 25.

The enemy, staggered by the fire, stumbling through the wires, at last reached this ditch, and sprang for the parapet. Unseen wires caught and threw them. The ditch was full of them. Shells, with fuses cut short, and lighted, were thrown over the parapet among them. A few struggled to the top of the parapet, but were killed or captured. Half a dozen, who made their way into one of the embrasures, were blown to atoms by a discharge of grape from the gun at whose muzzle they stood. This work lasted for half an hour, when, broken and terribly punished, the enemy withdrew. The ditch around the fort, as well as the slope, was full of the bodies of the slain and wounded. In the ditch they were piled eight and ten deep—a most horrible sight. The rebel loss in killed and wounded exceeded a thousand, besides two hundred prisoners. Our loss did not exceed *ten*. With this attempt the siege of Knoxville practically ended.



THE REBEL ASSAULT ON FORT SAUNDERS—THE FIGHT OV T



THE DITCH.—Sketched by Mr. Theodore R. Davis.—[See Page 23.]

THE SCOUT'S NARRATION.

IT was in the bleak mountain country of East Tennessee; the evening was growing late, and the camp-fire was smouldering lower and lower, but we still sat around it, for the spell of the scout's marvelous gift of story-telling we were none of us willing to dissolve. Captain Charlie Leighton had been a Lieutenant in a Michigan Battery at the commencement of the war, but a natural love of excitement and restlessness of soul had early prompted him to seek employment as a scout, in which he soon rose to unusual eminence. He is a man of much refinement, well educated, and of a "quick, inventive brain." The tale I am about to relate is my best recollection of it as it fell from his lips, and if there is aught of elegance in its diction as here presented it is all his own. He had been delighting us with incidents of the war, most of which were derived from his own experience, when I expressed a desire to know something of his first attempt at scouting. He willingly assented, took a long pull at my brandy flask, and commenced his yarn; and I thought that I had never seen a handsomer man than Charlie Leighton the scout, as he carelessly lounged there, with the ruddy gleams of the dying camp-fire occasionally flickering over his strongly-marked intelligent face, and his curling black hair waving fitfully in the night wind, which now came down from the mountain fresher and chillier.

It happened in Western Virginia, said he. I had been personally acquainted with our commander, General R., before the war commenced, and having intimated, a short time previous to the date of my story, that I desired to try my luck in the scouting service—of which a vast deal was required to counteract the guerrillas with which the Blue Ridge fairly teemed at that time—one night, late in the fall of the year, I was delighted to receive orders to report at his head-quarters. The General was a man of few words, and my instructions were brief.

"Listen," said he. "My only reliable scout (Mackworth) was killed last night at the lower ford; and General F. (the rebel commander) has his head-quarters at the Sedley Mansion on the Romney road."

"Very well," said I, beginning to feel a little queer.

"I want you to go to the Sedley Mansion," was the cool rejoinder.

"To *go* there! Why it's in the heart of the enemy's position!" was my amazed ejaculation.

"Just the reason I want it done," resumed the General. "Listen: I attack to-morrow at daybreak. F. knows it, or half suspects it, and will mass either on the centre or the left wing. I must know *which*. The task is thick with danger—regular life and death. Two miles from here, midway to the enemy's outposts, and six paces beyond the second mile-stone, are two rockets propped on the inside of a hollow stump. Mackworth placed them there yesterday. You are to slip to F.'s quarters to-night, learn what I want, and hurry back to the hollow stump. If he masses on the centre, let off one rocket; if on the left, let off both. This duty, I repeat, abounds with danger. You must start immediately, and alone. Will you go?"

Every thing considered, I think I voted in the affirmative pretty readily, but it required a slight struggle. Nevertheless, consent I did, and immediately left the tent to make ready.

It was nearly ten o'clock when, having received a few additional words of advice from the chief, I set forth on my perilous ride. The country was quite familiar to me, so I had little fear of losing my way, which was no inconsiderable advantage, I can tell you. Riding slowly at first, as soon as I had passed our last outpost, I put spurs to my horse (a glorious gray thorough-bred which the General had lent me for the occasion) and fled down the mountain at a breakneck pace. It was a cool, misty, uncertain night—almost frosty, and the country was wild and desolate. Mountains and ravines were the ruling features, with now and then that diversification of the broomy, irregular plateau with which our mountain scenery is occasionally softened. I continued my rapid pace with but little caution until I arrived at the further extremity of one of these plateaux. Here I brought up sharply beside a block of granite, which I recognized as the second mile-stone. Dismounting, I proceeded to the hollow stump which the General had intimated, and finding the rockets there, examined them well to make sure of their efficiency—remounted, and was away again. But now I exercised much more caution in my movements. I rode more slowly, kept my horse on the turf at the edge of the road, in order to deaden the hoof-beats, and also shortened the chain of my sabre, binding the scabbard with my knee to prevent its jingling. Still I was not satisfied, but tore my handkerchief in two and made fast to either heel the rowel of my spurs, which otherwise had a little tinkle of their own. Then I kept wide awake, with my eyes every where at once in the hope of catching a glimpse of some clew or landmark—the glimmer of a camp-fire—a tent-top in the moonlight, which now began to shine faintly—or to hear the snort of a steed, the signal of a picket—any thing, any thing to guide me or to give warning of the lurking foe. But no: if there had been any camp-fires they were dead; if there had been any tents they were struck. Not a sign—not a sound. Every thing was quiet as the tomb. The great mountains rose around me in their mantles of pine and hoods of mist, cheerless and repelling, as if their solitude had never been broken. The moon was driving through a weird and ragged sky, with something desolate and solemn in her haggard face that seemed like an omen of ill. And in spite of my efforts to be cheerful I felt the iron loneliness and sense of danger creep through my flesh and touch the bones.

None but those who have actually experienced it can properly conceive of the apprehensions which throng the breast of him, howsoever brave, who knows himself to be alone in the midst of enemies who are *invisible*. The lion-hunter of Abyssinia is encompassed with peril when he makes a pillow of his gun in the desert; and our own pioneer slumbers but lightly in his new cabin when he knows that the savage, whose monomania is vengeance, is prowling the forest that skirts his clearing. But the lion is not always hungry; and even the Indian may be conciliated. The hunter confronts his terrible antagonist with something deadlier than ferocity. The hand that levels and the eye that directs the rifled tube are nerved and fired by "the mind, the spirit, the Promethean spark," which, in this case, is indeed a "tower of strength." And the settler, with promises and alcohol, may have won the savage to himself. But to the solitary scout, at midnight, every turn of the road may conceal a finger on a hair-trigger; every stump or bush may hold a foe in waiting. If he rides through a forest it is only in the deepest shadow that he dares ride upright; and should he cross an open glade, where the starlight or moonshine drops freely, he crouches low on the saddle and hurries across, for every second he feels he may be a target. His senses are painfully alive, his faculties strained to their utmost tension.

By way of a little episode, I knew a very successful scout, who met his death, however, on the Peninsula, who would always require a long sleep immediately after an expedition of peril, if it had lasted but a few hours, and had apparently called forth no more muscular exertion than was necessary to sit the saddle. But, strange as it may seem, he would complain of overpowering fatigue, and immediately drop into the most profound slumber. And I have been informed that this is very frequently the case. I can only attribute it to the fact that, owing to the extreme and almost abnormal vivacity—I think of no better word—of the faculties and senses, a man on these momentous occasions lives *twice or thrice as fast* as ordinarily; and the usual nerve-play and wakefulness of a day and night may thus be concentrated in the brief period of a few hours.

But to resume: I felt to the full this apprehension, this anxiety, this exhaustion, but the knowledge of my position and the issues at stake kept my blood flowing. I had come to the termination of the last plateau or plain, when the road led me down the side of a ravine, with a prospect ahead of nothing but darkness. Here, too, I was compelled to make more noise, as there was no sod for my horse to tread on, and the road was flinty and rough in the extreme. But I kept on as cautiously as possible, when suddenly, just at the bottom of the ravine, where the road began to ascend the opposite declivity, I came to a dead halt, confronted by a group of several horsemen, so suddenly that they seemed to have sprung from the earth like phantoms.

"Why do you return so slowly?" said one of them, impatiently. "What have you seen? Did you meet Colonel Craig?"

For a moment—a brief one—I gave myself up for lost; but, with the rapid reflection and keen invention which a desperate strait will sometimes superinduce, I grasped the language of the speaker, and formed my plan accordingly. "Why do you return so slowly?" I had been sent somewhere, then. "What have you seen?" I had been sent as a spy, then. "Did you meet Colonel Craig?" Oho! I thought, *I* will be Colonel Craig. No, I won't: I will be Colonel Craig's orderly. So I spoke out boldy:

"Colonel Craig met your messenger, who had seen nothing, and advised him to scout down the edge of the creek for half a mile. But he dispatched me, his orderly, to say that the enemy appear to be retreating in heavy masses. I am also to convey this intelligence to General F."

The troopers had started at the tones of a strange voice, but seemed to listen with interest and without suspicion.

"Did the Colonel think the movement a real retreat or only a feint?" asked the leader.

"He was uncertain," I replied, beginning to feel secure and roguish at the same time; "but he bade me to say that he would ascertain; and in an hour or two, if you should see one rocket up to the north there, you might conclude that the Yankees were retreating; if you should see two, then you might guess that they were not retreating, but stationary, with likelihood of remaining inert for another day."

"Good!" cried the rebel. "Do you know the way to the General's quarters?"

"I think I can find it," said I; "although I am not familiar with this side of the mountain."

"It's a mile this side of the Sedley Mansion," said the trooper. "You will find some pickets at the head of the road. You must there leave your horse, and climb the steep, when you will see a farm-house, and fifteen minutes' walk toward it will bring you to the General's tent. I will go with you to the top of the road." And, setting off at a gallop, the speaker left me to follow, which I hesitated not to do. Now, owing to their mistake, the countersign had not been thought of; but the next picket would not be likely to swallow the same dose of silence, and it was a lucky thing that the trooper led the way, for he would reach them first, and I would have a chance to catch the pass-word from his lips. But he passed the picket so quickly, and dropped the precious syllables so indistinctly, that I only caught the first of them—"*Tally*"—while the remainder might as well have been Greek. *Tally, tally, tally* what? Good God! thought I, what can it be? *Tally, tally*—here I am almost up to the pickets!—what *can* it be? Tallyho? No, that's English. Talleyrand? No, that's French. God help me! *Tally, tally*—

"TALLAHASSEE!" I yelled, with the inspiration of despair, as I dashed through the picket, and their leveled carbines sank toothless before that wonderful spell—the Countersign.

Blessing my stars, and without further mishap, I reached the place indicated by the trooper, which was high up on the side of the mountain—so high that clouds were forming in the deep valley below. Making my bridle fast, I clambered with some difficulty the still ascending slope on my left. Extraordinary caution was required. I almost crept toward the farm-house, and soon perceived the tent of the rebel chief. A solitary guard was pacing between it and me—probably a hundred yards from the tent. Perceiving that boldness was my only plan, I sauntered up to him with as free-and-easy an air as I could muster.

"Who goes there?"

"A friend."

"Advance and give the countersign."

I advanced as near as was safe, and whispered "Tallahassee," with some fears as to the result.

"It's a d—d lie!" said the sentry, bringing his piece to the shoulder in the twinkle of an eye. "That answers the pickets but not me." Click, click, went the rising hammer of the musket.

I am a dead man, thought I to myself; I am a dead man unless the cap fails. Wonderful, marvelous to relate, the cap *did* fail. The hammer dropped with a dull, harmless thug on the nipple. With the rapidity of thought and the stealth of a panther I glided forward and clutched his windpipe, forcing him to his knees, while the gun slipped to the ground. There was a fierce but silent struggle. The fellow could not speak for my hand on his throat; but he was a powerful man, with a bowie-knife in his belt, if he could only get at it. But I got it first, hesitated a moment, and then drove it in his midriff to the hilt; and just at that instant his grinders closed on my arm and bit to the bone. Restraining a cry with the utmost difficulty, I got in another blow, this time home, and the jaws of the rebel flew apart with a start, for my blade had pressed the spring of the casket. Breathless from the struggle, I lay still to collect my thoughts, and listened to know if the inmates of the tent had been disturbed. But no; a light was shining through the canvas, and I could hear the low murmur of voices from within, which I had before noticed, and which seemed to be those of a number of men in earnest consultation. I looked at the corpse of the rebel remorsefully. The slouched hat had fallen off in the scuffle, and the pale face of the dead man was upturned to the scant moonlight. It was a young, noble, and exceedingly handsome face, and I noticed that the hands and feet were small and beautifully shaped; while every thing about the body denoted it to have been the mansion of a gallant, gentle soul. Was it a fair fight? did I attack him justly? thought I; and, in the sudden contrition of my heart, I almost knelt to the ground. But the sense of my great peril recurred to me, stifling every thing else, however worthy. I took off the dead man's overcoat and put it on, threw my cap away and replaced it with the fallen sombrero, and then dragged the corpse behind an outhouse of the farm that stood close by. Returning, I picked up the gun, and began to saunter up and down in a very commendable way indeed; but a sharp observer might have noticed a furtiveness and anxiety in the frequent glances I threw at the tent, which would not have augured well for my safety. I drew nearer and nearer to the tent at every turn, until I could almost distinguish the voices within; and presently after taking a most minute survey of the premises, I crept up to the tent, crouched down to the bottom of the trench, and listened with all my might. I could also see under the canvas. There were half a dozen rebel chieftains within, and a map was spread on a table in the centre of the apartment. At length the consultation was at an end, and the company rose to depart. I ran back to my place, and resumed the watchful saunter of the guard with as indifferent an air as possible, drawing the hat well over my eyes.

The generals came outside of the tent and looked about a little before they disappeared. Two of them came close to me and passed almost within a yard of the sentry's body. But they passed on, and I drew a deep breath of relief. A light still glimmered through the tent, but presently that, too, vanished, and all was still. But occasionally I would hear the voice of a fellow sentry, or perhaps the rattle of a halter in some distant manger.

I looked at my watch. It was two o'clock—would be five before I could fire the signal, and the attack was to be at daybreak.

Cautiously as before, I started on my return, reaching my horse without accident. Here I abandoned the gun and overcoat, remounted, and started down the mountain. "Tallahassee" let me through the first picket again, but something was wrong when I cantered down the ravine to the troopers to whom I had been so confidentially dispatched by Colonel Craig. Probably the genuine messenger, or perhaps the gallant Colonel himself had paid them a visit during my absence. At any rate, I saw that something unpleasant was up, but resolved to make the best of it.

"Tallahassee!" I cried, as I began to descend the ravine.

"Halt, or you're a dead man!" roared the leading trooper. "He's a Yank!" "Cut him down!" chimed in the others.

"Tallahassee! Tallahassee!" I yelled. And committing my soul to God, I plunged down the gully with sabre and revolver in either hand.

Click—bang! something grazed my cheek like a hot iron. Click—bang again! something whistled by my ear with an ugly intonation. And then I was in their midst, shooting, stabbing, slashing, and swearing like a fiend. The rim of my hat flopped over my face from a sabre cut, and I felt blood trickling down my neck. But I burst away from them, up the bank of the ravine, and along the bare plateau, all the time yelling "Tallahassee! Tallahassee!" without knowing why. I could hear the alarm spread back over the mountain by halloos and drums, and presently the clatter of pursuing steeds. But I fled onward like a whirlwind, almost fainting from excitement and loss of blood, until I reeled off at the hollow stump.

Fiz, fiz! one, two! and my heart leaped with exultation as the rushing rockets followed each other in quick succession to the zenith, and burst on the gloom in glittering showers. Emptying the remaining tubes of my pistol at the nearest pursuer, now but fifty yards off, I was in the saddle and away again, without waiting to see the result of my aim. It was a ride for life for a few moments; but I pressed as noble a steed as ever spurned the footstool, and as we neared the Union lines the pursuit dropped off. When I attained the summit of the first ridge of our position, and saw the day break faintly and rosily beyond the pine-tops and along the crags, the air fluttered violently in my face, the solid earth quivered beneath my feet, as a hundred cannon opened simultaneously above, below, and around me. Serried columns of men were swinging irresistibly down the mountain toward the opposite slope; flying field-pieces were dashing off into position; long lines of cavalry were haunting the gullies, or hovering like vultures on the steep; and the blare of bugles rose above the roar of the artillery with a wild, victorious peal. The two rockets had been answered, and the veterans of the Union were bearing down upon the enemy's weakened centre like an avalanche of fire.

"So that is all," said the scout, rising and yawning. "The battle had begun in earnest. And maybe I didn't dine with General R. when it was over and the victory gained. Let's go to bed."

A VOICE FROM BELLE ISLE.

"Sick, and in prison."

POOR Tom's just gone! I closed his eyes.
He died in muttering low the text
That says, "They never hunger more."
I lie and wonder who'll go next.
So many waiting at Death's door—
To some it opens Paradise.

Oh help! oh help! We'll all go mad!
The dreadful, gnawing hunger-pain
Comes back, and with a giant's grasp
Holds life and reason in its clasp:
It works like hell-fire in the brain;
If Death would come we could be glad.

Once we had friends and country too.
Did all die starving? tell me, Jack!
Where's mother? where's the dear old flag?
Hurrah! I'll fight while there's a rag.
Off boys! why do you keep me back?
Stand by the old Red, White, and Blue!

Ah, is it death? I can not see!
I had a dream. Oh help! Be quick!
Come mother, Ruth! (Don't say I died
With Tom, poor Tom! dead by my side.)
Who says, "*I was in prison sick,*
And yet ye came not unto me."

"*I was athirst, and hungered too.*"
Ah then He knows our agony!
Read, Jack, how cunning Satan tried
To tempt Him! I'd be satisfied
To die ten deaths, Jack, just to see
Our army marching here for you!

How many, Jack, are on the floor?
Poor fellows! There is little Jim!
How can they starve a child to death?
Cry, Jack, out *loud!* My dying breath
Must bring our boys to rescue him
And all the thirteen thousand more.

Why don't they come? How could we see
Them starving, prisoned here? I'd choke
At food until I'd raised a band
Who'd vow with steadfast heart and hand
To dare and die until we'd broke
Their prison-doors and set them free.

But, Jack, no matter! We won't flinch
From *death* by *starving*, if the Lord
Do suffer this. But this I know!
I'd slay my country's deadly foe
In honest battle with my sword,
But *not in prison, inch by inch.*

Oh, Jack, come close! I'm going fast!
If you get home tell mother this:
I died for love of Right and Truth.
God bless her and my little Ruth!
Dear Jack, give mother my last kiss.
Good-by. Our boys will come at last!

All's over with that faint "Good-by:"
Oh, brothers, comrades, is that all?
His mute lips still cry out of wrong—
The martyr's wail, "How long, how long?"
And thrill us with the trumpet-call,
"Help, help! before the thousands die!"

THE SHADOW.

I WAS traveling toward evening on one of those great moors, covered with low gorse and scattered stones of granite common enough in Cornwall. The gorse was covered with snow, and the huge granite rocks that rose here and there, pushing their way out of the earth from the stratum below, looked dazzling in their white covering. I was on foot. I had come a long way, and was weary. It was, then, a matter of great anxiety to me when, after an hour's walking, I discovered I had lost the track. It had never been more than a bridle-road, and it was quite choked up now with snow: it was easy to lose it. The inclement weather, so rare in Cornwall, had evidently deterred any traveler from choosing this shorter route, and the great bleak ridge lay now before my eyes in unbroken whiteness, unmarked by step of man or beast.

In vain I turned to the right and left, seeking to recover the lost path, or at least to find some blessed footprint that should speak to me in accents clear as human voice of help and shelter. None such met my view. If any wayfarer had lately passed that solitary waste, the fast-falling snow had effaced his steps with the white covering that hid my own track almost as quickly as my weary feet marked their way.

I stood still in despair and gazed around. As far as I could see stretched one wide waste of snow, dotted here and there by the rugged granite that uprose in solid masses from the earth. The snow fell thickly, blinding me as I looked; but I fancied in the dim distance I could define the form of a solitary tree. I stood patiently waiting till some momentary lull should quiet the sharp wind, which was now whirling the blinding snow into my face, and thus enable me to judge whether this indistinct object were a tree or not. In a short time such a lull occurred: the snow ceased suddenly to fall, and I felt convinced there was a tree, being also equally certain it could not be growing on the common itself. This inhospitable soil, scarcely an inch thick, resting on the primeval granite, could not shelter the roots of a tree. Here, then, were the limits of the moor. By the tree I should at least find a more hospitable country—meadows, roads, perhaps a village. I determined to steer straight for this point, abandoning all hope of reaching the place for which I had set out. By this means only could I hope to escape from this interminable waste, which, perhaps, stretched miles on either side of me. Shading my eyes with my hand, I looked at my landmark, and judged it to be about three miles off; and with cheerful courage, counting the distance but little in my new hopes, I started at a brisk walk in spite of my weariness.

Night fell suddenly around me as I sped on, but the moon had risen early in the afternoon, and her bright light enabled me to keep the tree constantly in view. I soon discovered that I was right in my conjecture when I supposed it to lie beyond the moor. The changed character of the ground sufficed to prove that I was approaching the outskirts of the common. The gorse grew thicker and wilder, and here and there a little corner, inclosed by a low hedge of loose stones, showed that cultivation was encroaching on these desolate borders. These little patches in the great waste, covered as they were with snow, had an inexpressible, dreary look, making me feel the solitude more acutely from their very association with life and labor.

I plodded straight on, ever keeping the tree in front, while an oppressive sense of loneliness, weariness, and cold weighed heavily on me, added to an indefinable feeling, more painful still, that made my flesh creep and shiver. Suddenly I found myself obliged to halt before a steep embankment rising like a snowy ridge on the plain. As it wound its length to some extent on either side of me, I scrambled up its side in order to see if I might not, by crossing the inclosure, avoid the detour of skirting it. On reaching the top I perceived it inclosed the workings of an abandoned mine. The yawning shaft was still there—a black spot in the white snow telling of depth and darkness. The ruins of buildings lay in dreary snow-covered heaps; fragments of walls, piles of rubbish scattered here and there, glittered in the moonlight with dazzling whiteness; while through it all ran a dark stream, not bound up in frost, but brawling over stones and rocks in a precipitous descent, till it reached a cliff, where, in a shower of foam mingled with driving snow, it descended into some unknown valley lost to me in the darkness.

I stood for some moments contemplating this scene. Drear it would have been at all times; but now, in the silence of this winter night, clad in its snow garment, with that cold, still moon lighting up its chill desolation, it had to me something appalling in its ruin. The fear of some hidden shaft, or open adit, deterred me from crossing this place, and determined me to skirt the embankment, which indeed scarcely deserved this name, as it was in fact but heaps of stones and rubbish flung here from the mine.

The great shaft lay almost at my feet. By the light of the moon I could see some way into its depths, and mark where the snow speckled its dark sides. At the edge of the yawning pit lay a pile of heavy stones covered with snow. Against this the moonlight shone brilliantly. I was about to turn and descend, when I was struck by the strange appearance of my shadow on this pile. It had its arms folded as I had, it gazed into the pit as I did, it was not larger, or colder, or grayer than other shadows, and yet it filled me with an indescribable sensation of strangeness. I do not know what possessed me to do it, but I flung my arms into the air, and as the figure did the same, there was such an expression of measureless despair in the action that, unable to bear the sight, I turned and fled.

In this flight, which had a *fear* in it that words can not express, I lost my footing in the treacherous snow, and fell heavily. As I arose from the ground I fancied I heard a cry, like the sound of a human voice, arise from within the embankment, mingle with the rush of the stream, and die away in the roar of its fall. I stood still and listened, but all was silent save the dash of waters; and then reassuring myself, I essayed to continue my journey. The moon lay at my right hand, the wall of stones on my left, and on its glittering surface of snow my shadow stood out distinct and clear. For a moment *my* shadow only; but in an instant I saw, with a sensation that lifted every fluttering hair on my head, the shadow that had stood on the brink of the shaft, creeping stealthily behind *my* shadow, mocking every motion of mine, and of it, even to the terror that my own feelings impressed on this gray image of myself.

I had been a spectre-haunted man all my life long; but the shadow that had ever followed me had come in the shape of a murdered woman, sometimes accompanied by a pale sweet face I knew too well. But this was strange, unlooked for; so, with bewildered, fascinated gaze, I turned and faced my tormentor.

This shadow I thought was none of my raising. In the sharp outline of that haggard profile there was no likeness to *my* spectres. The pointed beard, the old-fashioned dress, the waving curls, spoke of a by-gone period. I marked it well, as for a moment the shadow and I stood face to face; then, setting my steps toward the dim tree, I strode resolutely forward.

The thing followed. In vain I turned and faced it, or in despair dashed rapidly to the right or the left. It was always behind me, always mocking my movements. I gathered up snow and flung at it; in horrid mockery it repeated my action. Then nerving myself for the effort, I sprang on it and tried to grapple with its impalpable form. I only grasped the cold snow, while it stood by with its unchanging face, ever expressing that one look of dire, boundless despair.

In face of this thing I was powerless, and, feeling this, I resolved on flight; but when, on turning my head, I saw it gliding on, without apparent movement, and yet close to me, I lost my self-possession, and ran hither and thither on the moor, till sense failed me, and I fell headlong on the snow. When I recovered myself, the shadow still stood over me like a sentinel: the same despair in the sharp lineaments, the same strange appearance of *life* in its gray form.

I arose sick and numbed with cold. I began to feel that if I could not soon reach some human habitation I should die. In this new fear I almost ceased to regard the spectre: was I not used to strange sights hidden to others?

All my energies were concentrated on reaching the tree, whose snow-laden branches gleamed distinctly before me. I had a small flask of brandy in my pocket; putting it to my lips, I drank all it contained, and then, less pallid, less numbed with cold, I walked on with a surer step.

Often I turned to look at my companion. Some new demon surely possessed it: a thousand wicked lives were in it. On that haggard profile, with its deep lines of despair, a new malignity sat triumphant. It mocked no motion of mine now; it had a hundred of its own. It seized my shadow, and seemed to shake it, as it laid its thin long hand, of which I marked the bony fingers, on its shoulder, making my flesh creep at the touch, though it was not on me that gray hand rested, but only on the dim similitude of myself on the snow. Sometimes it flung its arms upward with that same gesture of measureless despair that I had marked when I first saw it standing by the old shaft.

I went steadily on, an inexpressible feeling of relief stealing over me as I neared the gaunt tree. For hours its rugged branches had loomed before me, as an object to be reached by an effort. A thousand fancies had sprung up round its figure—hopes of rest and refreshment, visions of ruddy fires, of kind, helping hands, cheery voices, and merry faces—all, in my loneliness and pain, appearing to me with a beauty and happiness that mere homely life had never before worn for me.

I reached the borders of the moor. The tree stood out against the sky; so distinct every snow-laden branch that I could have counted them. It was straight before me. I hurried on, with a step that had something of unreason in it, so eager and fierce had it become. A low fence now alone separated me from the object I had so long striven to reach. I leaped it with a glad cry, and found myself in a narrow lane directly fronting the tree, which was planted precisely at the point where four roads met. I rushed rather than ran toward it, so eager was I to clasp the gnarled trunk, and feel that this thing, that for so many hours had seemed to mock my endeavors to reach it, was no phantom like that gray shadow lying on the moor. Quick though I had been, this creature of my spectre-haunted brain was quicker. I reached the tree to see it lying beneath the branches, stretched on the snow—the shadow of a dead man!

It was impossible to mistake the sharp outline of death in the cold profile, the rigid position of the limbs, the stony look, and immovable calm of the prostrate figure. A moment before it had stood erect, and a thousand evil lives had been in it, as it tormented me on the dreary heath; now it lay beneath the leafless tree—stiff, rigid, motionless, dead, and yet only like the *shadow* of death.

With one arm round the trunk of the old weird tree, I stood regarding it till I grew frantic. In my frenzy I determined to cover it up, and hide it from my sight in the snow. I flung armfuls on it; I gathered snow around me in shining heaps, and dashed on it—always in vain. It lay there still, ever on the surface, in immovable calmness, more hideous a thousand times than the demon antics with which it had haunted my path on the moor.

Exhausted, I ceased these strange exertions, and drops of anguish fell from my forehead as I essayed in vain to leave this haunted place. Some invisible chain—some horrible attraction—kept me there, in spite of all the efforts made by my will and my reason to resist the spell. This struggle between me and the viewless power that held me was terrible: the sweat stood on my brow, and the veins in my temples swelled like cords. I felt myself giving way, when a little wooden cross standing just at the head of the shadow arrested my attention, and in spite of that horrible presence I stooped to regard it more earnestly.

By the light of the full moon I read this inscription in deeply-cut letters:

To the Memory of Reginald Caerhydon.
May God have mercy on the self-murderer!

I started back. I stood, then, on the grave of the suicide. And this phantom—what was it?

I was not afraid of such things; from an early period of my life I had been shadow-haunted; but I hated the peculiar trance-like, benumbed, powerless state into which I was thrown, either by the visions themselves, or by some power which, through this state, then enabled me to see them. I wiped the sweat from my brow, and, with one arm clinging to that strange tree that had beckoned me on for so many miles to this grave, I concentrated all my faculties in the one sense of listening. A human sound—the fainest echo of any human life—reaching me there, would, I felt, break the spell whose horrible chain bound me to this spot. Gradually on my strained ear came the ripple of running waters: gratefully, pleasantly, it fell, bringing a new sense of power—a feeling of recovered strength. I unwound my arm from the deadly tree and stood upright. Another moment, and the bark of a dog, mingled with the cheerful, hearty whistle of some rustic, broke like music on my ear. With a cry of joy—released, free!—I bounded from the accursed spot—from that shadow of some unseen dead man, and, rushing on at headlong speed, found myself by the side of that little brook the sound of whose rippling waters had come to me like a holy whisper of heaven in an evil place. I sprang across the stream; and whether its clear springs had a power of their own to change the current of that magnetic or spiritual influence that had held me, I know not; but the moment I had crossed I felt myself free, calm, and with full power to perform my own will in any thing on which I might resolve: in a word, I was master of myself.

A CRY FROM THE ARMY.

A cry from starving Ireland
  Was borne across the sea,
And many hearts were melted by
  That wail of agony.
Soon white-sailed vessels, outward bound,
  Laden with bread were seen;
And plenty reigned in that fair land,
  Where famine late had been.
And there lives no true Irishman
  Who will not proudly say,
Whene'er he hears this story told,
  "God bless America!"

On Britain's isle, not long ago,
  Gaunt famine reared its head;
And parents wept, as round them rose
  Their children's cry for bread.
Again our Western land sent forth
  A messenger of peace—
A noble ship, whose noble freight
  Made cries of hunger cease;
And Albion's sons will ne'er forget
  Until Time's latest day
The ship which brought her starving poor
  Bread from America.

Another cry is heard to-day;
  It comes not o'er the main;
And God forbid that earnest cry
  Should e'er be made in vain!
It comes from those true men and tried,
  Who felt such stern delight,
With Thomas, Garfield, Whitaker,
  In Chicamauga's fight;
Who in that dark and bloody hour
  Rolled back the tide of war;
Who bear the tokens of that field
  In many a glorious scar.

It comes from the Potomac's side—
  From Rappahannock's flood,
Whose waters clear so oft are dyed
  With true, and traitor blood;
From far Arkansas, Tennessee,
  And from that noble host
Which Gilmore leads to victory
  On Carolina's coast:
From that proud bulwark of our land,
  Who guard us with their lives,
The cry comes, "Watch you well, we pray,
  Our mothers, children, wives!"

Men of the rich and fertile West,
  Your lives and lands you owe
To those brave men who stand between
  Your firesides and the foe.
And while they face the battle-storm,
  For all the heart holds dear,
Can you refuse that earnest cry,
  They utter now, to hear?
While fathers, brothers, husbands, sons,
  Bleed for the nation's weal,
Shall mothers, wives, and children dear
  The pangs of hunger feel?

No!—hands which oft have *strangers* fed,
  And thus the heart have shown,
Will not withhold when such a cry
  Arises from our *own*.
No!—in our nation's history
  It never shall be read,
That soldier's mother, wife, or child
  Have ever lacked for bread.
No!—when our noble boys come home,
  And we around them stand,
They shall have reason to cry out,
  "God bless our native land!"

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

The "Mystery" of Paris—Napoleon.

The Greatest Swell out of London—Nadar's Géant.

Why are Quacks like Railway Engines?—Because there's no getting on without puffing.

Advantages of Smoking Tobacco.—We have often heard it stated that a Pipe assists one much in arriving at a correct solution of a difficult problem. This arises no doubt from its giving one a Birdseye-view of the whole question.

A Caledonian Gem.—A Scotchman, upon being informed by one of his fellow-countrymen of the name of the inventor of the *Géant* balloon, said it was precisely his own case; because, if he were asked to go up in it, he should not hesitate to say "Nae-dare."

The Out-Skirts.—In a recent bankruptcy case it transpired that one of the dresses for which the petitioner, a lady, was indebted to one of her creditors, had in it fifty-two yards of silk. Stringent measures must be adopted to prevent our fair ones from going such lengths—or to speak mile-dly, such distances—in dress. When the wife's dress covers an amount of space which we rood-ly estimate as deserving a rod for its perch-ase, we may be pretty sure that the husband's waistcoat will sooner or later cover an *acre* in the region of his heart.

Every bird pleases us with its lay—especially the hen. When a farmer has bad crops does he generally make a *rye face*?

A "Consummation devoutly to be wished."—For the Atlantic to become Pacific.

A Pozer.—If a man swears roundly to a falsehood can he be found guilty of flat perjury?

When a clergyman denounces the age may he be said to "speak against time?"

The editor of the Kinderhook *Rough Notes* says he shall not raise the price of his paper for the present, because he is not able, as a general rule, to raise more than half of what he charges now.

When Archbishop Laud was on trial, he was told that if he had not committed one great act of treason, he had perpetrated so many small crimes, taken together, made him a traitor. "I never knew," said the Archbishop, "that one hundred black rabbits made up a black horse."

"Another Blow for Life"—Eight hours at the seaside during the equinox.

A Consolation.—"The money-market is easy."

What will probably be the last language spoken on earth?—The Finnish.

"Is Mr. Jones in?" asked an Irishman of the porter in a hotel. "No," was the reply; "will you leave your name?" "Och, do you think I'd be after going home without a name?"

"What a pity, mamma, that papa wore his best coat today." "Why, my dear?" "Why, because he said that ill-natured Mr. Crabstick did nothing but pick holes in it."

Constant motion is the first law of Nature; nothing being stationary except pen, ink, and paper.

The evils from which a morbid man suffers most are those that don't happen.

A debating society has under consideration the question, "Is it wrong to cheat a lawyer?" The result is expected to be, "No! but impossible."

Lady Yarmouth asked Garrick why Love was always represented as a child? "Because," said the great actor, "he never reaches the years of wisdom and discretion."

Politeness is like an air cushion: there may be nothing in it, but it eases you wonderfully.

A certain Scotchman, who is not a member of the Temperance Society, being asked by a dealer to purchase some fine old Jamaica rum, drily answered, "To tell you the truth, Sir, I canna say I'm very fond o' rum; for if I tak mair than sax tumblers it's very apt to gie a body the headache."

Why is a tale-bearer like a bricklayer?—Because he raises stories.

Not more than a hundred years ago an artist painted a portrait of Mr. Jenkins, who was noted for his frequent libations. The artist invited the gentleman's friends to see it, and they inspected it and pronounced it excellent. One of them, however, who was rather near-sighted, complained of the light, approached it to change its position, when the artist exclaimed—"Don't touch it; it isn't *dry*."—"No use of looking at it then," replied the gentleman. "It can't be my friend Jenkins."

A ship belonging to a gentleman named Heaven, sailed from the port of Greenock recently for Canada with a cargo of coals. Shortly before she left it was ascertained that the owner had not sent down sufficient lading for the vessel, and the agent startled his clerk by the order, "Telegraph to Heaven for more coals!"

Mrs. Partington says that Ike, who has just returned from France, "speaks French like a Parishioner."

Lord Kenyon's housekeeping was not liberal, nor his temper good, and Jekyll summed up both facts by saying, "It is Lent all the year round in his kitchen, and Passion Week in his parlor."

"Does the razor take hold well?" inquired a darkey, who was shaving a gentleman from the country. "Yes," replied the customer, with tears in his eyes; "it takes hold first-rate, but it don't let go worth a cent."

The Peal of Bells.—The Chapter of Worcester Cathedral are making an appeal to raise a peal of bells, as a compliment to Dr. Peel, their dean, which has given rise to the following *jeu d'esprit:*

When Government to deanship raised a Peel,
  They set a pattern that might well be worse;
And now, to keep the first one's memory green,
  To raise another peal the chapter's not averse.

Peel and the peal should unlike be and like—
  The bells must be, the dean must not be, hung—
And, though both voices should be loudly heard,
  The dean must still be right, the bells must still be rung.

And long may they together work for good,
  Each a fair share of duty undertake;
Thus, when for charity the dean will preach,
  The peal must peal a peal ere Peel appeal can make.

Musicians are often hard to get along with; they are a crotchety people.

The young fellow who engaged himself to half a dozen young women is undoubtedly a beau of promise.

Jones writes to a friend and closes by saying, "I am glad to be able to say that my wife is recovering slowly."

A young gentleman, visiting his intended, met a rival who was somewhat advanced in years, and, wishing to insult him, inquired how old he was. "I can't exactly tell," replied the other; "but I can tell you that an ass is older at twenty than a man at sixty."

Why is a plow-boy like a lady's cloak?—Because he is a man tiller.

A Curious Fact.—Though twelve dozen make a gross twenty doesn't make a grocer.

"John, how do you like to have your tea?"—"My tea? Strong."

"Hear, hear!" continually exclaimed an enthusiastic individual at a late political meeting. "There is mighty little hear here," dryly remarked a wag standing close by.

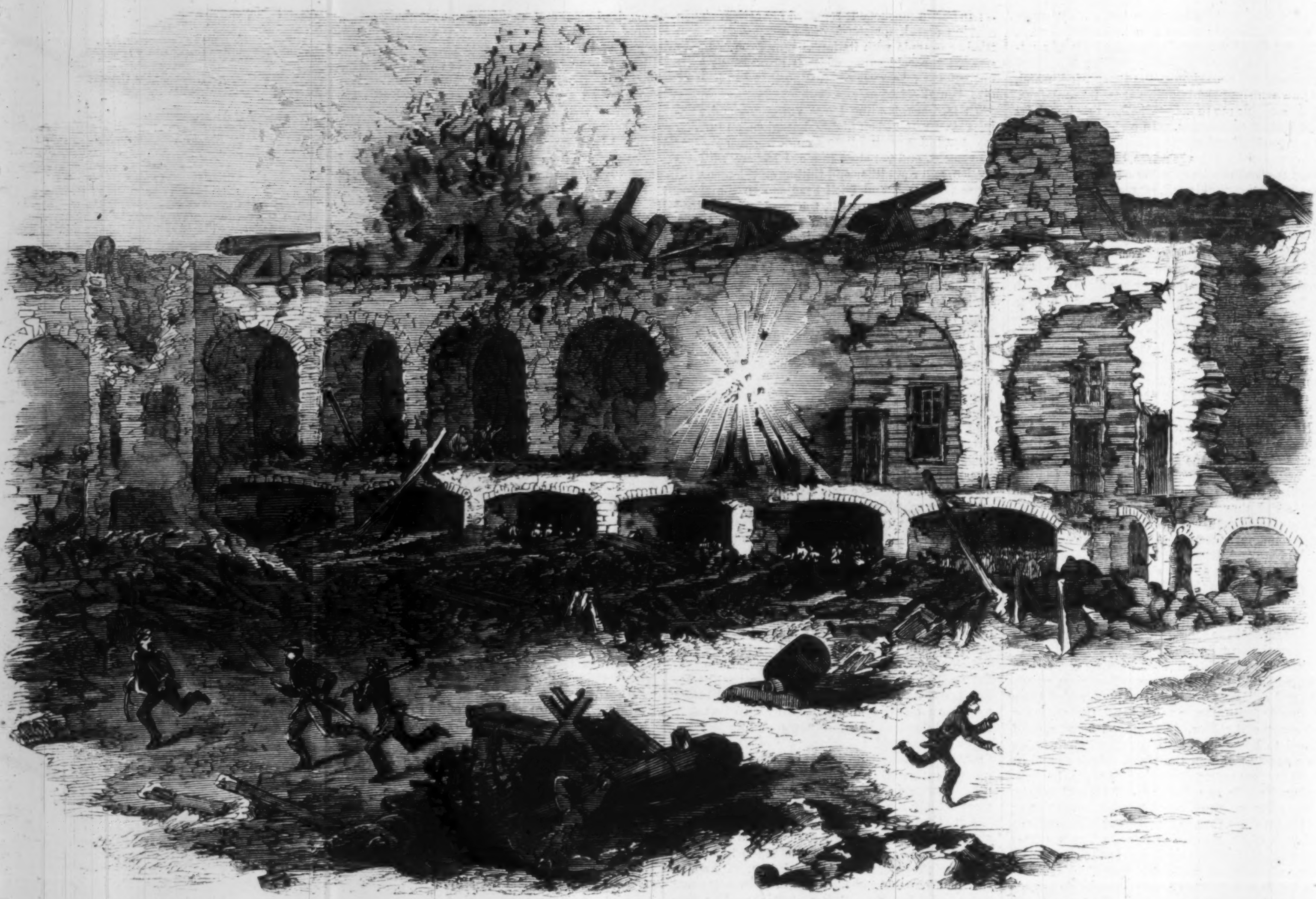
"I'll hide you, my boy!" exclaimed an angry father. "I don't think you will," replied the mother, "for I have helped him to hide himself."

Dr. Thompson, a celebrated physician in his day, and equally remarkable for the slovenliness of his person, could not endure the sight of muffins, and in his medical capacity always spoke of them as very unwholesome. On his breakfasting once at Lord Melcombe's, when Garrick was present, a plate of muffins was introduced, when the Doctor grew outrageous, and vehemently called out, "Take away the muffins!" "No, no," said Garrick, seizing the plate, "take away the ragamuffins!"

When is a luggage-van like a forest?—When it is full of trunks.

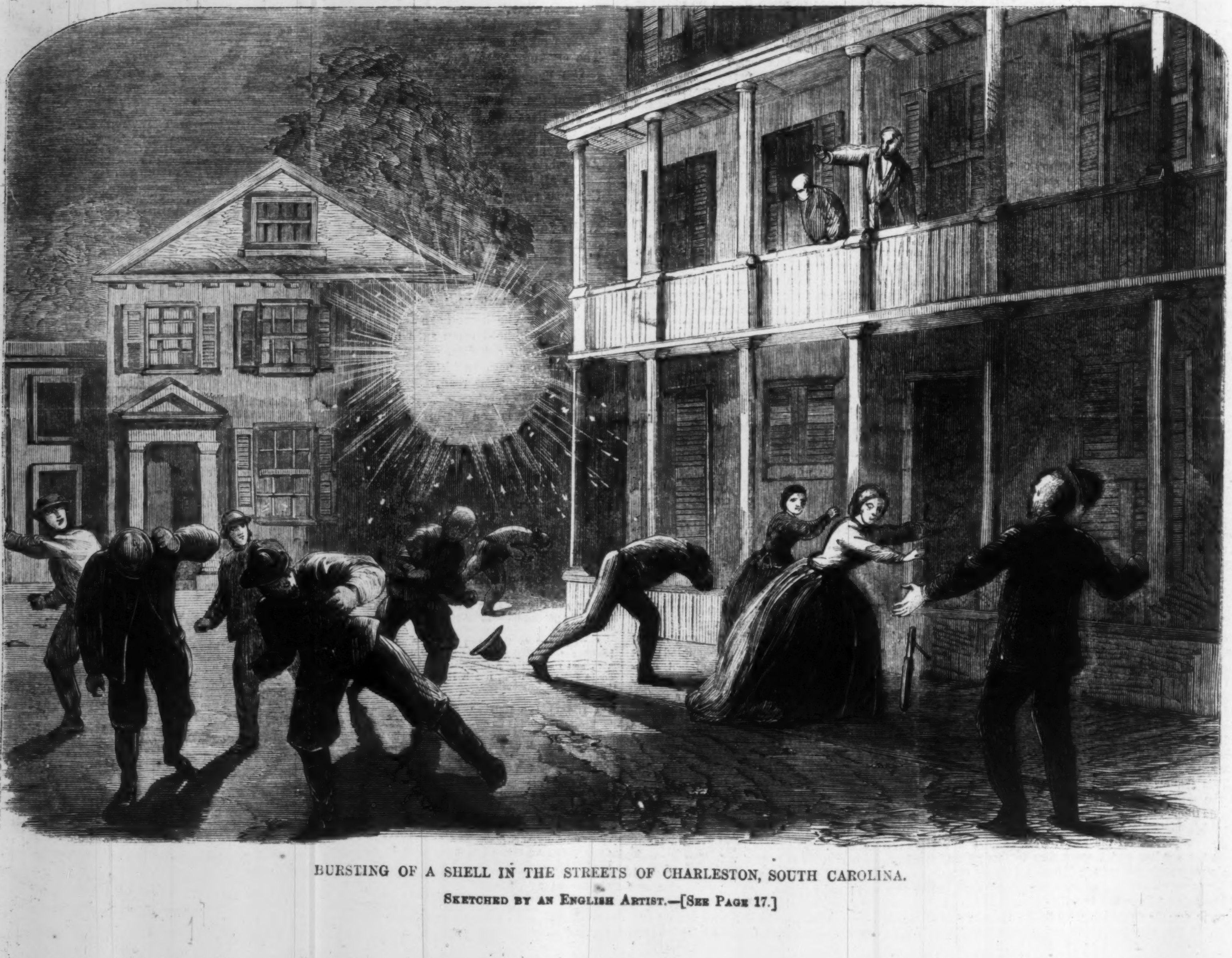
Put not your trust in money, but put your money in trust.

The lock that is sometimes forced—Wedlock.



INTERIOR OF FORT SUMTER AFTER BOMBARDMENT FROM MORRIS ISLAND.

Sketched by an English Artist.—[See Page 17.]

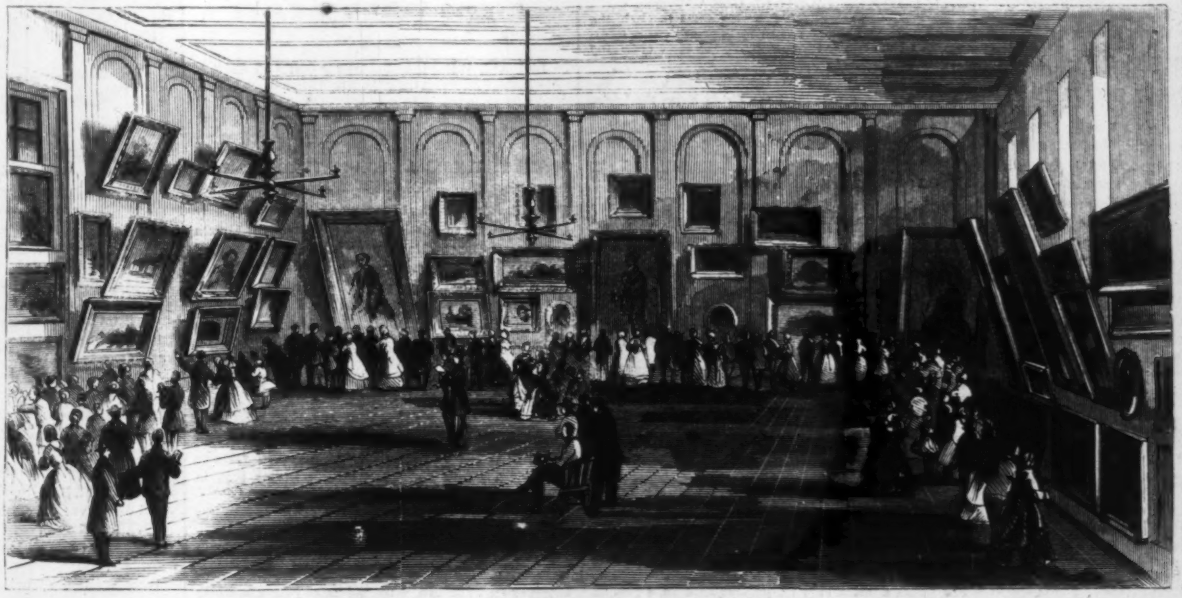


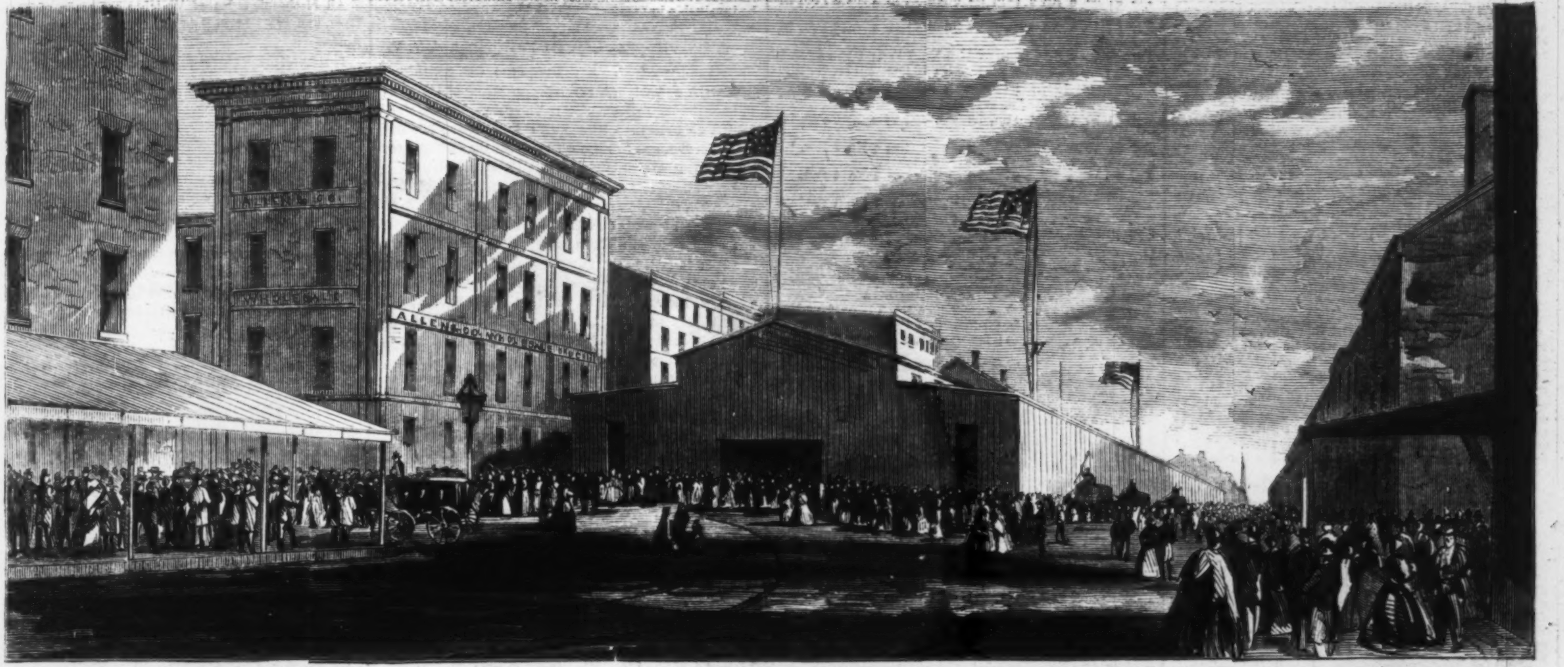
BURSTING OF A SHELL IN THE STREETS OF CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA.

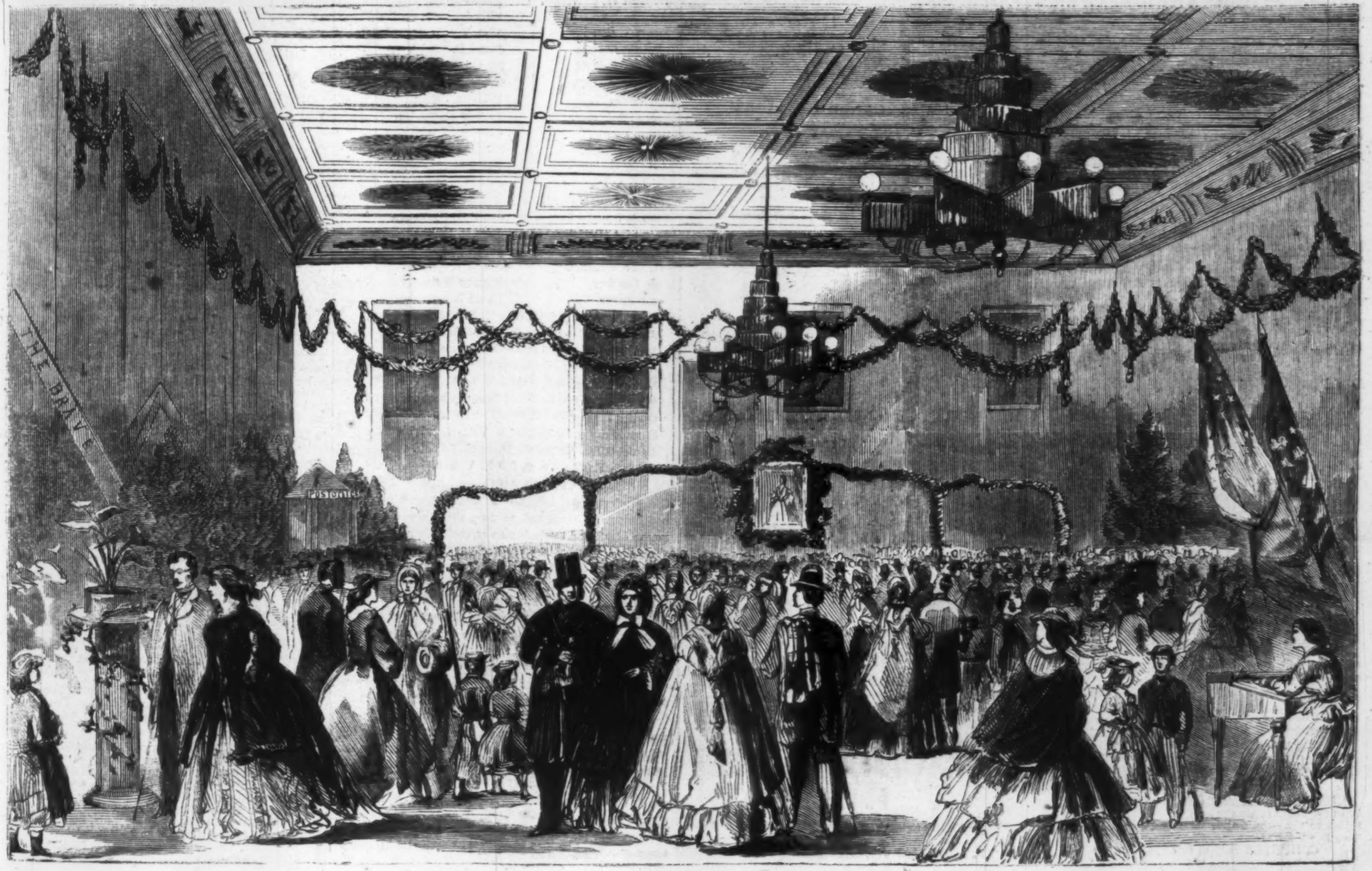
Sketched by an English Artist.—[See Page 17.]

THE GREAT WESTERN SANITARY FAIR AT CINCINNATI, OHIO.—[Sketched by Mr. Theodore R. Davis.]

"The different departments of this Fair," writes a correspondent, "occupy several large buildings, two of which were built expressly for this occasion. One of these, the Ladies' Bazar, would furnish comfortable barracks for a division of soldiers. It is fortified with 'works' thrown up by the hands of the ladies of Cincinnati and thereabouts. Any one who attempts to carry these works is met by a determined 'charge' from their defenders, by which 'Greenbacks' without number are captured. These 'Greenbacks,' I am assured, are, by a process of exchange, to be available for the benefit of soldiers who are or have been employed in the capture of 'Graybacks.'—In another large building is a collection of memorials of the war, curiosities, and paintings. In the Art Gallery, under the charge of W. P. Brennan, the author of the famous 'Harp of a Thousand Strings,' are many admirable works of Art. The 'Floral Collection' at Greenwood Hall found admirers not a few, and a Promenade Concert held there was a most decided success.—The Refreshment Hall was a delightful place—at least I found it so after a long course of rough experiences with the Army of the Cumberland. In a pecuniary point of view I could not help thinking that this might have been better managed. When a 'plate,' the like of which I had not seen for months, was placed before me by one of the fairest of the daughters of Cincinnati, I felt almost like a swindler in paying the solitary quarter for that and the privilege of looking at the temporary 'waiter-girl.' I compromised with my conscience by giving only one look, and then addressing myself to my food. I would gladly have given twice as much for two looks without the food. I could then appreciate the sentiment of the honest sailor at the great Boston Fair for the Blind, years ago. He stopped for a moment before a table presided over by a lady, gave one glance at her, laid down a gold eagle, and was on the point of passing on. 'My good friend,' said the lady, 'will you not take something for your money?' 'Nothing more, Madam, I thank you,' said Jack, stealing another look at the lady. 'I've had mor'n twice my money's-worth already.'—Any one who did not think he got more than twice his money's-worth in the Refreshment Room at Cincinnati—not counting the refreshments at any thing—must have a high idea of the value of a quarter."







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The Morton Gold Pens are the only ones sold at old prices, as the makers of all other gold pens charge the Premium on the Gold, Government Tax, &c.; but Morton has in no case changed his prices, Wholesale or Retail.

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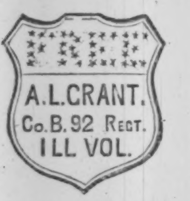
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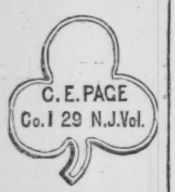

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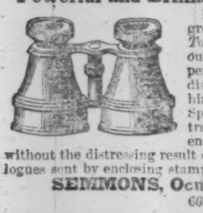

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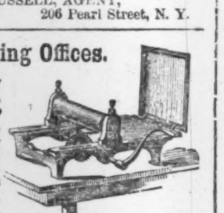

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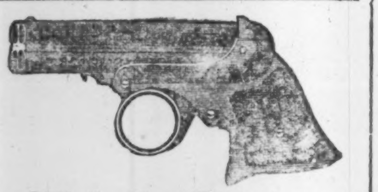

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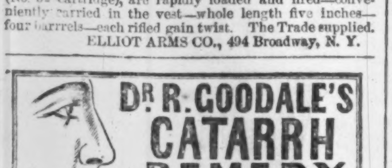

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Sixty Voices FROM ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

LET ALL WHO HAVE LOVED ONES IN THE ARMY READ.

BRANDRETH'S Pills protect from the arrows of disease, usually as fatal to Soldiers as the bullets of the foe.

THIS TESTIMONIAL FROM SIXTY RETURNED VOLUNTEERS,

Places Brandreth's Pills in so strong a light, as a remedy for our soldiers, that it is to be hoped President Lincoln and Surgeon-General Hammond will give it the attention it merits. For soldiers, no medicine can be compared to Brandreth's Pills, because they are as innocent as bread, and yet unfailing as a remedy in all cases where a purgative can effect a cure; and the field is wide, as the following testimony sufficiently shows:

NEW YORK, Oct 29, 1863.

DR. B. BRANDRETH:

SIR,—I noticed in the New York *Herald* of this date, a letter from the surviving members of Company F, Seventeenth Regiment N. Y. S. Vols., extolling your valuable pills, which I fully and freely indorse, having been in command of the company from the third day of August, 1861, until the 2d of June, 1863, when the company was mustered out of the service and discharged, in this city. The percentage of men reported sick during that time was much less than in any other company of the regiment, owing, as I fully believe, to the free use of your pills, which were not supplied to the other soldiers. I believe them to be invaluable in camp or in the field.

Respectfully yours,
JOHN VICKERS, Capt. Co. F, 17th Regt. N. Y. V.

SING SING, Oct. 26, 1863.

We, the undersigned, surviving members of Company F, Seventeenth New York State Volunteers, hereby certify that we have used Brandreth's Pills during our two years' service, and to them we attribute the fact that our constitutions are uninjured by the necessary hardships and privations of a soldier's life in the field. In costiveness, colds, chills, diarrhœa, dysentery, and typhoid fever, their prompt use cured us in a few days. Our health was often restored without having been entered on the sick list; in fact, a single dose of four or five pills usually cured what, under the regular treatment, would have been a serious sickness. Others, who appeared to be sick in no respect different to us, but who used the remedies prescribed by the regimental surgeon, either died or were sick for weeks in the hospital.

When we left Sing Sing, in June, 1861, you gave us a supply of these Pills, and we feel sure, from our experience, that if every soldier was supplied with this medicine, the general health of the army would be greatly improved. For ourselves, it is our sole remedy, answering all our wants in the way of physic, and we have known and tested it from our childhood, and our parents before us.

John Vickers, *Captain*,	Patrick Cullen, *4th Sergeant*,
J. L. Smith, *1st Lieutenant*,	Benj. F. Brown, *1st Corporal*
William See, *1st Sergeant*,	Wm. Mathers, *2d Corporal*,
G. H. Dearing, *2d Sergeant*,	Noah W. Miller, *3d Corporal*,
Dennis Shay, *3d Sergeant*,	Theo. Crofut, *Drummer*,

Geo. B. Coe, *Drummer*.

PRIVATES.

Francis J. Jennings,	Lewis B. Cox,
William W. Campbell,	Albert Lane,
William J. Chariton,	Ellis Jones,
Albert Wesley,	Wm. Van Wart,
John W. Griffin,	James B. Crofut,
William Holmes,	Roscoe K. Watson,
William W. Rider,	Frederick Hunt,
Martin See,	William Tuttle,
George Ackerley,	Jotham Carpenter,
Hiram Seagle,	Charles Wright,
Alfred Wilkins,	Sanford Olmstead,
William Griffin,	Fuller Carpenter,
George Ayles,	Jamas Bentley,
William J. P. Hewett,	Robert W. Westcott,
John L. Brandenburgh,	Jacob H. Dyckman,
Thomas A. Barlow,	John M. Bodine,
Henry Hannah,	James N. Dines,
William Waldron,	Edgar Waldron,
John Conover,	Warren Wright,
Jacob Baker,	David Baker.

T. B. Lane, *1st Lieut.*, 38th N. Y. Vols.
M. C. Earle, *1st Sergt.*, Co. D, 176th N. Y. Vols
Wm. Knight, Co. I, 5th N. Y. Artillery.
Abram H. Miller, Co. I, 6th N. Y. Artillery.
Millard F. Lanning, *Musician*, 1st N. Y. Vols.
Wm. Kenny, Co. B, Berdan's Sharpshooters.
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LET THE AILING READ.

A gentleman had been ailing for some weeks; his stools had become light colored, showing the bile was retained in the blood, and rendering an attack of Jaundice or Typhoid Fever probable. He was nervous and irritable; sleep-confused; acid stomach; dizzy; absent-minded; memory failing; pains in the limbs; bowels costive. At length a severe diarrhœa set in, which lasted for two days. When this stopped, severe pains of the bowels came on—"dry gripes," as he called it. Up to this time he had done nothing but now and then take a single Brandreth Pill; but now he understood that the case admitted of no delay, and he at once took five Brandreth's Pills, and partook plentifully of oat-meal gruel. The pills, in about six hours, operated well, and he thought the difficulty removed. This was not so, for in less than two hours the pains in the bowels returned with great violence, accompanied with a sinking feeling, and he thought he was going to die. He immediately swallowed two more pills and some warm broth. The pain soon abated, and he slept for several hours. The pills brought away pitchy-looking stools, and he had no more severe pain in his bowels. For three more days he took five pills at night, and his secretions became natural, and his health fully restored by less than a box of Brandreth's Pills.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS are sold at 25 cents per box, enveloped in full directions. Purchase none unless my PRIVATE GOVERNMENT STAMP is on the box. See upon it B. BRANDRETH in white letters.

PRINCIPAL OFFICE, BRANDRETH BUILDING,
NEW YORK.

Caution

FROM

The American Watch Company.

It having come to our knowledge that imitations of the American Watch have been put upon the market in great numbers, calculated, by their utter worthlessness, to injure the reputation of our genuine products—to protect our own interests and the public from imposition, we again publish the trade marks by which our Watches may invariably be known.

The First Grade has the name
AMERICAN WATCH CO. engraved on the inside plate
The Second Grade has the name
APPLETON, TRACY & CO engraved on the inside plate.
The Third Grade has the name
P. S. BARTLETT engraved on the inside plate.
All the above grades have also
AMERICAN WATCH CO. painted on the dial, and are warranted in every respect.
The Fourth Grade has
WM. ELLERY engraved on the inside plate, and has not the name "American Watch Co." painted on the dial.

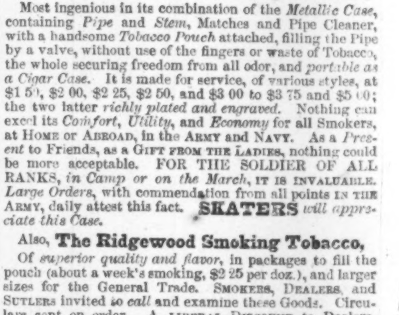
All of these grades of Watches are made of various sizes, and are sold in gold or silver cases, as may be required.

It is hardly possible for us to accurately describe the numerous imitations to which we have alluded. They are usually inscribed with names so nearly approaching our own as to escape the observation of the unaccustomed buyer. Some are represented as made by the "UNION WATCH CO., of Boston, Mass."—no such company existing. Some are named the "Soldier's Watch," to be sold as our FOURTH or WM. ELLERY grade, usually known as THE "SOLDIER'S WATCH;" others are named the "APPLETON WATCH CO.;" others the "P. S. BARTLEY," instead of our P. S. BARTLETT, besides many varieties named in such a manner as to convey the idea that they are the veritable productions of the American Watch Company.

A little attention on the part of buyers will protect them from gross imposition.

ROBBINS & APPLETON,
Agents for the American Watch Company,
182 BROADWAY, N. Y.

THE "RIDGEWOOD" PATENT SMOKING CASE.



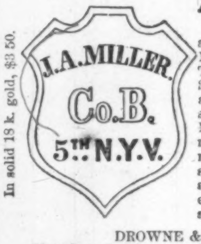
A Beautiful Holiday Gift.

Most ingenious in its combination of the *Metallic Case*, containing *Pipe* and *Stem*, Matches and Pipe Cleaner, with a handsome *Tobacco Pouch* attached, filling the Pipe by a valve, without use of the fingers or waste of Tobacco, the whole securing freedom from all odor, and *portable as a Cigar Case.* It is made for service, of various styles, at $1 50, $2 00, $2 25, $2 50, and $3 00 to $3 75 and $5 00; the two latter *richly plated and engraved.* Nothing can excel its *Comfort*, *Utility*, and *Economy* for all Smokers, at HOME or ABROAD, in the ARMY and NAVY. As a *Present* to Friends, as a GIFT FROM THE LADIES, nothing could be more acceptable. FOR THE SOLDIER OF ALL RANKS, *in Camp or on the March*, IT IS INVALUABLE. *Large Orders*, with commendation from all points IN THE ARMY, daily attest this fact. **SKATERS** *will appreciate this Case.*

Also, **The Ridgewood Smoking Tobacco,**

Of *superior quality and flavor*, in packages to fill the pouch (about a week's smoking, $2 25 per doz.), and larger sizes for the General Trade. SMOKERS, DEALERS, and SUTLERS invited *to call* and examine these Goods. Circulars sent on order. A LIBERAL DISCOUNT to Dealers. *Single Cases* sent by mail *paid*, on receipt of *price* and 25 cents. Also half-pound Package of this *fine Tobacco*, full weight, sent (carefully put up) *by mail*, *paid*, on receipt of $1 25. *All Orders* receive prompt attention.

RIDGEWOOD MANUFACTURING CO.,
OFFICE 429 BROADWAY, cor. Howard Street, N. Y.


In solid 18 k. gold, $3 50.
J.A.MILLER.
Co.B.
5TH N.Y.V.

Attention, Soldiers!

Every soldier should have a BADGE WITH HIS NAME MARKED DISTINCTLY upon it. The Subscribers will forward to any soldier in the Army a solid Silver Badge, with his Name, Company, and Regiment engraved upon it, on receipt of One Dollar. The above cut represents size and style of Badge furnished. It can be fastened to any garment. Address

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Manufacturing Jewelers, 208 Broadway, New York.

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A. I. ROOT, Manufacturer of Pure Coin Silver Chains and Rings. Goods by mail as follows; Chains from $1 50 to $15 00, according to weight and design. Plain Rings, fine finish, 13 cts., 25, 50, and 75, and so up to $2, according to weight. Fancy Top Rings, chased and engraved, from $1 to $3 (give size on slip of paper). Also Silver Keys, Chain Bars, Hooks, Pins, Sleeve Buttons, Studs, &c. Liberal discount to dealers. Address

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J. H. Winslow & Co.,

100,000
WATCHES, CHAINS, &c., &c.

Worth $500,000.

To be sold for One Dollar each, without regard to value, and not to be paid for till you know what you are to get.

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OF ARTICLES TO BE SOLD FOR ONE DOLLAR EACH.

100 Gold Hunting Cased Watches	$100 00 each.
100 Gold Watches	60 00 each.
200 Ladies' Gold Watches	35 00 each.
500 Ladies' and Gent's Silver Watches	15 00 each.
3000 Vest and Neck Chains	5 00 to 10 00 each.
3000 Gold Band Bracelets	5 00 to 10 00 each.
3000 " " "	3 00 to 5 00 each.
3000 Cameo Brooches	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Mosaic and Jet Brooches	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Lava and Florentine Brooches	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Coral, Opal, and Em. Brooches	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Cameo Ear Drops	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Mosaic and Jet Ear Drops	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Lava and Florentine Ear Drops	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Coral, Em., and Opal Ear Drops	4 00 to 8 00 each.
5100 Gent's Breast Pins	2 50 to 8 00 each.
3000 Watch Keys	2 00 to 6 00 each.
5000 Fob and Ribbon Slides	2 00 to 6 00 each.
5000 Sets of Bosom Studs	2 50 to 6 00 each.
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6000 Lockets	2 50 to 10 00 each.
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All of the above list of Goods will be sold for one dollar each. Certificates of all the various articles, stating what each one can have, are first put into envelopes, sealed up, and mixed; and when ordered, are taken out without regard to choice, and sent by mail, thus giving all a fair chance. On receipt of the Certificate, you will see what you can have, and then it is at your option to send one dollar and take the article or not.

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AGENTS.—Those acting as Agents will be allowed ten cents on every Certificate ordered by them, provided their remittance amounts to one dollar. Agents will collect 25 cents for every Certificate, and remit 15 cents to us, either in cash or postage stamps. Great caution should be used by our correspondents in regard to giving their correct address, Town, County, and State. Address

J. H. WINSLOW & CO.,
208 Broadway, New York.

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AGENTS FOR THE UNITED STATES FOR THE CELEBRATED

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Extension Holders and Gold Pens,

Of the most handsome and durable construction, put up in new fancy cases of one dozen each, and not sold in any less quantities. They will retail for $3 each.

Price, per dozen	$10 25
Or 3 dozen for	25 00

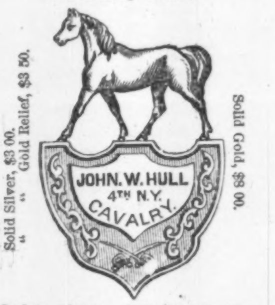
Sent by mail or express, prepaid. Address
SALISBURY, BRO. & CO., Providence, R. I.

$60 A MONTH! We want Agents at $60 a month, expenses paid, to sell our *Everlasting Pencils, Oriental Burners*, and 13 other articles. 15 circulars sent *free*. SHAW & CLARK, Biddeford, Maine.

AGENTS WANTED.—Call and examine, or 10 samples sent free by mail for 20 cents, that retail for $2, urgently needed by every person, by
R. L. WOLCOTT, 170 Chatham Square, N. Y.

Cavalry Badges

Constantly on hand and Engraved to Order, and sent free on receipt of Price.


Solid Silver, $3 00.
" Gold Relief, $3 50.
JOHN. W. HULL
4TH N.Y.
CAVALRY
Solid Gold, $8 00.

Terms Cash in advance. Send for a Catalogue. Address C. L. BALCH & CO., 208 Broadway, New York.

ANY WIDOW, or Parent, or Orphan, or Brother, or Sister of any Soldier, Sailor, Marine, killed, or who has died in the service of the United States, who desires Ninety-six Dollars ($96) a year Pension, FROM ONE TO FOUR Hundred Dollars ($100 to $400) Cash Bounty and all the arrears of pay due him, should call at once or write to JOSEPH E. DEVITT & Co., No. 427 Walnut St., Philadelphia. Also state pay, if there is any due.

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USE THE ELECTRO-METALLIC INSOLES, BELTS, and ARMLETS. They are an INFALLIBLE REMEDY for RHEUMATISM, COLD FEET, &c. METTAM & Co., No. 429 Broadway, N. Y. Insoles, $1 per pair; Belts, $3; Armlets, $1 50 each. Sent by mail for 30 cents additional.

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RICH, RACY, AND INSTRUCTIVE.—An excellent number. For portraits, character, and biographies of Gen. BANKS, Lord LYNDHURST, ets., with portraits of many beautiful women, Egyptian mummies, Sioux Indians, Love, Courtship, and Marriage, Wild Men and Beasts, Children, How Miss K. got a Husband, A Woman's Experience, The Secret of Beauty, Love-Signs in the Face, The Beard—Its Significance, Dreams, Causes and Effect, see the January number PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL, now ready. 15 cents, or $1 50 a year. New volume. FOWLER & WELLS, No. 308 Broadway, N. Y.

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The Entire Winter Stock Will be Sold without regard to Cost,

Before making Extensive Alterations for the

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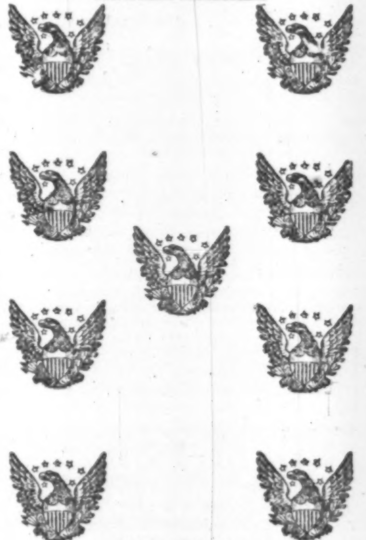
National Emblems.



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The suits are EAGLES, SHIELDS, STARS, and FLAGS. Colonel in place of King; Goddess of Liberty for Queen; Major for Jack.

The Union Playing Cards are the first and only genuine American Cards ever produced, and as they are entered according to Act of Congress, they can be manufactured only by the American Card Company.

The Cards are rapidly taking the place of Cards bearing Foreign emblems. The demand for them is unprecedented in the Card Trade, and they will soon become the Leading Card in the American market.

In playing with these Cards, they are to be called by the names the emblems represent, and as the emblems are as familiar as household words everywhere among the people of the American Republic, they can be used as readily the first occasion as cards bearing Foreign emblems.

The Union Cards are the most pleasing and attractive card ever made. They are produced in the highest style of the art, and each pack is put up in an elegant Card Case, suitable to keep them in when not in use, and then in handsome dozen boxes for the trade.

Two Sample Packs in Card Cases sent, post-paid, on receipt of $1.

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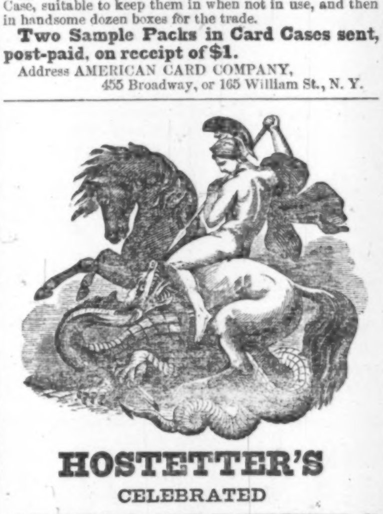

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STOMACH BITTERS

TO THE DEBILITATED AND THE DECREPID.—For general debility and exhaustion of the powers of nature, whether occasioned by sickness, fast living, constitutional decay, old age, or any other physical or mental cause, the one thing needful and indispensable is HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED STOMACH BITTERS. When the fire of life seems to be absolutely dying out in the system, and the mind, sympathizing with the body, is reduced almost to a state of imbecility, this mighty restorative seems, as it were, to lift the sufferer out of the Slough of Despond, and recruit and re-invigorate both the frame and the intellect. An old farmer, in the Valley of the Monongahela, writes thus to Dr. Hostetter; "I can compare the operation of your Bitters upon me to nothing but the effect of a rain after a long dry spell in the fall of the year. The rain falling on the meadows starts the second crop of grass, and your wholesome medicine seems to have started a scond crop of life and spirits in me." And this is truly the effect of this grateful and powerful preparation. Ladies of weak constitution, or whose strength has been impaired by sickness or age, find it a most efficacious and delightful tonic, and it is administered with great success in marasmus or wasting of the flesh, to young children. In fact, it is a much safer and surer cordial for the nursery than any thing advertised specially for that purpose.

Sold by all Druggists and Family Grocers.

Hostetter's Stomach Bitters,

PREPARED AND SOLD BY
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Salesmen Wanted.

$75 a month, or commission allowed on sales. Apply to
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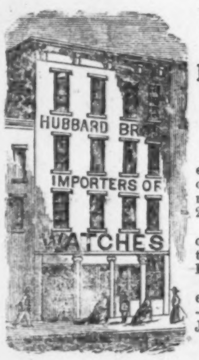

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Particularly valuable for officers in the army, and travelers.—*Frank Leslie's*, Feb. 21.

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The Perfection of Mechanism!
Being a Hunting, or Open Face, or Lady's or Gentleman's Watch combined, with Patent Self-winding Improvement.

A most pleasing novelty. One of the prettiest, most convenient, and decidedly the best and cheapest timepiece for general and reliable use ever offered. It has within it and connected with its machinery its own winding attachment, rendering a key entirely unnecessary. The cases of this Watch are composed of two metals, the outer one being fine 16 carat gold. It has the improved ruby action lever movement, and is warranted an accurate timepiece. Price, superbly engraved, per case of half dozen, $204. Sample watches in neat morocco boxes, $35. If sent by mail, the postage is 36 cents; registering, 20 cents.

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First-Class Hunting Time-Pieces.

FOR ACCURACY OF MOVEMENT, BEAUTY OF MATERIAL, AND, ABOVE ALL, CHEAPNESS IN PRICE, THESE WATCHES MUST INSURE

UNIVERSAL APPROBATION!

An imitation so faultless that it can hardly be detected by the most experienced judges. The material being of two metals, the outer one first quality Silver and the inner one German Silver, it can not be recognized by cutting or heavy engraving, making it not only in appearance, but in durability, the best resemblance of **Solid Sterling Silver** in existence.

The sale of these watches in the army is a source of enormous profit, retailing, as they very readily do, at $25 and upward. Many hundred dollars can be made in a single pay-day by any one of ordinary business tact!

AT WHOLESALE ONLY! In *heavy hunting cases, beautifully engraved, white enamel dial*, and *fancy cut hands*, in *good running order*, by the half dozen, $66; postage, $2 38; registering, 20 cts. *Sold only by the case.* Can be safely sent by mail.

☞ TERMS CASH, INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE. No agents employed; buyers must deal directly with us. If money is sent us by express or mail in a registered letter, it is at our risk! Orders will meet the most prompt and faithful attention.

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One Taylor Double Cylinder, five Rollers, Table Distribution, Bed 38x51. Price $3500.
Apply to HARPER & BROTHERS, 329 Pearl St., N.Y.

$8 Watch and Chain. $8

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A Beautiful Engraved *Gold-Plated Watch and Chain*, fine Swiss movement, handsome dial and hands, warranted a perfect time-keeper, for **8 Dollars**. Engraved **Silver**, same as above, chain included, **8 Dollars**.

A very heavy **Hunting Cased Solid Silver Watch**, full jeweled, and fine English movement, silver capped, warranted a perfect time-keeper, and a handsome *Gold Plated Chain* included, for **11 Dollars**.

We will send, on receipt of the money, one of our Watches and a Chain, by mail, postage paid, to any address. These Watches are especially adapted to the Army, being heavily cased and perfect time-keepers, and in running order.

GEORGE A. ELY & CO.,
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$50 for $20.

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For **$20** we will forward by mail or express, pre-paid, the following list of Fine Gold-Plated Jewelry:—4 Vest Chains, 12 Gent.'s Seal Rings, 3 Gold Pens and Extension Holders, 6 Vest Hooks, 4 Fancy Watch Keys, 12 Bosom or Scarf Pins, 4 pair Sleeve Buttons, 3 Box and Glass Pins for Miniatures, 3 Double Glass Lockets, and 3 Cluster Stone Pins. Address THOMAS CAFFERTEY & CO., Providence, R. I.

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DO YOU WANT LUXURIANT WHISKERS OR MUSTACHES?—My Onguent will force them to grow heavily in six weeks (upon the smoothest face) without stain or injury to the skin. Price $1—sent by mail, post free, to any address, on receipt of an order. R. G. GRAHAM, No. 109 Nassau Street, N. Y.

Gold! Gold! Gold!

20,000 Watches, Chains, &c., &c., &c.,

Worth $100,000.

To be sold for One Dollar each without regard to value, and not to be paid for until you know what you are to get. Send 20 cents for a Certificate, which will inform you what you can have for $1, and at the same time get our Circular, containing full list of articles and particulars; also Terms to those who act as Agents. Address
C. F. SHUTTS, 285 River Street, Troy, N. Y.

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Of great power, from **$3 50** to **$25**. Spectacles and Eye Glasses. Also HOLIDAY GOODS in *Great Variety*. B. H. HORN, Manufacturing Optician, 212 Broadway, up stairs. Send for circular.

J. W. EVERETT & CO.,

Will forward to any address, on receipt of order, Photographs from life of any of the prominent

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